

MOVIE TOPICS . 10¢

# Pantomime

1927  
April 15

Easter  
Week

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JOBS  
FOR  
YOU



Pauline Starke

Edwin Dover Hesser Photo



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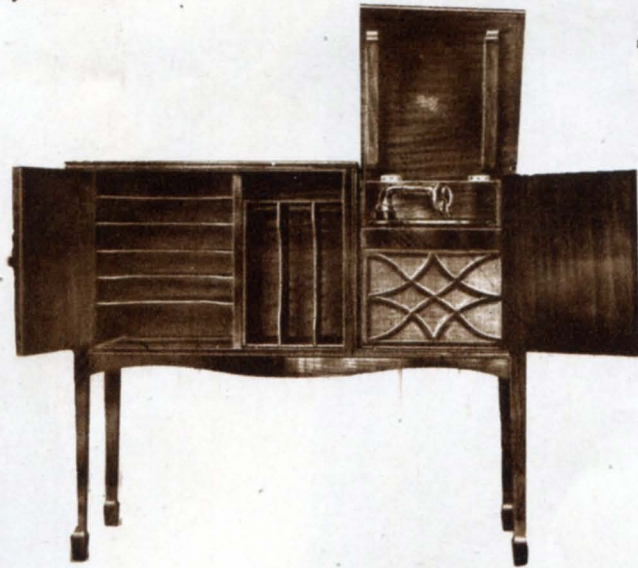
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Volume 2  
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# Pantomime

Number 15  
10 Cents a Copy

Published weekly by Movie Topics, Inc.  
1600 Broadway, New York City.  
President, Murray Lazarus; Secretary and  
Treasurer, Albert Singer.

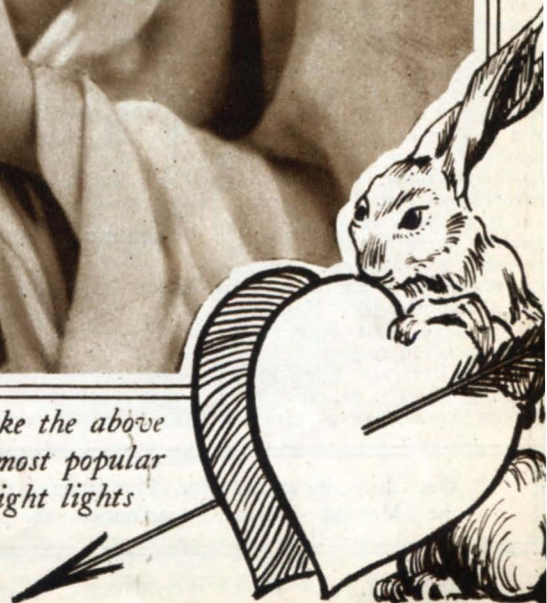
APRIL 15, 1922

"Pantomime" entered as second class mail  
matter, under the act of March 3, 1879—  
By subscription, \$4.00 the year. Canada,  
\$5.00 the year, single copy 15c.

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Everybody in Hollywood isn't wild. In proof of the statement take the above charming study of Colleen Moore, one of the screen's youngest and most popular stars. We'll leave it to you if her pose can possibly suggest bright lights and gay parties. More reminiscent of organ music and evening prayers at Easter-tide; no?





# So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Each week on this page the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

**R.** E. G., of Toronto, writes in to the editors anent the cover on the March 11 issue:

If you are looking for suggestions from your readers how about leaving out such poses as that of Mae Murray on the cover. I am not a blue law advocate by a long way but I do think that such daring poses are indecent. The use of such a one has a bad effect upon your magazine, I think."

You can just bet we are looking for suggestions, because our job is getting out a magazine that every reader can enjoy from cover to cover. We liked that picture of Mae Murray, not because it was daring, but because we thought it was beautiful. But just to show you that we do agree with R. E. G. in one particular, we quote the rest of his letter:

"I saw 'The Connecticut Yankee' last week and I think it was great—the best comedy I have seen in a long time."

**B**UT referring to another newer film:

Well, as Vic says it, "It's the world's worst feature picture."

The remark was made just after we had both been to a showing of "Come On Over." It is a Goldwyn Picture and stars Colleen Moore. Rupert Hughes is blamed for the story, but we hate to think that he had anything to do with the sub-titles.

We don't set ourselves up as critics of pictures for when it is merely a matter of taste we believe that it is a thing for the "fan" himself to decide. We do know rotten mechanics when we see them, and we also recognize forced situations, which accounts for Vic's terse opinion of the production.

Suspense is a very desirable thing in a picture, but in "Come On Over" the author goes so far as to let an Irish girl who has been brought from her home in Ireland, make the trip to her destination through a strange city fully an hour quicker than the two Americans who had brought her to the United States. This was so she could have time to think she has discovered her lover's perfidy and run away before her friends arrived.

Let us hope that this is not among the films that are preserved for historical facts for the enlightenment of future generations. For those of you who are not acquainted with New York, and who may see the picture—also for the sake of the biggest city in the country, we would like to put these facts on record:

Bronx Park and 125th Street are not within an afternoon's walking distance of each other.

New York Park policemen are not equipped with wireless receiving

outfits so that they can get a general alarm while leaning against a tree.

Police stations, particularly the complaint desk are never in charge of anyone lower than a lieutenant, and sergeants usually have to ask permission before they leave the station house vacant.

There are an awful lot of other things which could be said, but the picture has already gotten more space in this column than it deserves. Rupert Hughes is capable of far better things. Goldwyn can make better pictures, and poor, little, clever Colleen Moore certainly deserves something better. A remark of Vic closes thus:

"It is a picture which should have been made only for St. Patrick's Day, and then there should be more respect shown for that day than to show it."

**O**UR Hollywood Hat Pin contributes this letter "From a Suffering Soul to a Movie Star":

LETTER FROM SUFFERING SOUL TO MOVIE STAR

Dere miss lollypops:

Yore pitchers gotta awful hold on me. I'd like to be one of them scream vamps what don't have nothin' to do but smile at the hero. Now I ain't, never, seen no hero havin' been borned sence the Civil War an' we ain't never heard o' no scrap sense but I gess in the movies I'll find wun. Wun thing 'bout bein' a movie star is u don't never have to do no work.

This hear place o' Paw's it's only covered with alfalfa an' morgages an' nothin' intrustin' ever happens hear, only folks gettin' married an' havin' babies. U folks in Hollywood ain't never troubled in that respect, be u?

Now my Maw has been trainin' me to be a movie star ever sence she seen that last Biograph pitcher, The New York Hat, over to Sam Johnson's feed stoar what has a theater in the back rume. I've took up astronome what I seen wrote about by a man called Horoscope in the movin' pitcher magazens; an' I've been imitatin' u all the time. Hear's a prescripshun o' myself bow-legs on both sides knock-knees red hare nice an' strait near-sided but only half deaf. Will I do.

In a Stoddio I'd be rite well fixed, what with all the other lites an' all my red hare'd go good but around hear nobody can prestate it, but then u no how it is with hicks theyre two plum

green to burn. An' me, I wanna burn I wanna burn with emoshun! I wanna live life as u folks in Hollywood lives it like the papers ses an' I don't wanna be stinted in no partic'lar neither.

Plese send me railroad fair rite away dere miss lollypops 'cause Paw's holding out the egg-munny on me havin' lerned o' my aspirashuns—an' L'll come and visit u fer a spell.

Yores idioternally,

SUSIE SASSAFRAS.

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## PORTRAITS

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**Editors Note**—The Judges have almost completed their task of going through the thousands of answers to Pantomime's \$1,000 contest, and some of the winners will be announced in the next issue. Pantomime begs the indulgence of its readers for the delay—which was unavoidable because of the many thousands of answers received. The replies filled five large mail sacks.

Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.



# Beauty & the Easter

Agnes Ayres, below, is supposed to be a real chicken just hatched. To prove it, here's the shell.



Dainty little Gertrude Olmstead isn't always as old-fashioned as she appears here. You see, instead of spending a young fortune on a new frock and bonnet, Madge went up in the attic of her simple little \$300,000 bungalow and dug up some of her grandmother's stuff.



Here's Ruby de Remer, whom, some say, is the most beautiful woman in America, all hatted-up like Santa Claus, and hugging a spring bouquet of wild flowers.



Mae Murray, on the other hand, just can't look old-fashioned, no matter how hard she tries. In this picture, for instance, Mae is wearing a "Grandma" hat—but we'll leave it to you if she doesn't look a whole lot more Parisian than she does Mid-Victorian.



Betty Compson, not being married, naturally hasn't any kiddies of her own. But that doesn't stop her from remembering other people's. So, for Easter-time, Betty hied herself down to Hollywood's best kiddie shop and bought a lot of eggs and cotton bunnies, and everything. Here she is painting one of the eggs.



# Despite the Rush, Still

By Charles Singer

A YOUNG woman came into the office a couple of days back to ask about the "Big Four Contest" which PANTOMIME is offering, in connection with Warner Brothers.

In case you haven't read about it in previous issues of this magazine, the offer is simply this:

Warner Brothers Firm offers four positions to feminine readers of PANTOMIME, each position paying \$100 weekly for the length of the engagement. Each position is for a separate production. Two of them are in support of Wesley Barry, the star of School Days, and other notable pictures.

The first position will begin May 15. The second will begin July 1; the third September 1, and the fourth October 15.

Those contestants who fail to win the first position will be considered for the second—and if they fail again, for the third and fourth, also.

The offer is entirely "without strings." All that is necessary to compete is to send at least one photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME.

Miss Margery Chapin was the first beauty chosen by Florenz Ziegfeld this year and is now in the MIDNIGHT Frolic.



Mildred A. Danase, of Bronx, N. Y., wants to develop the talent which friends have told her she has shown in amateur plays.



"Because I want to be famous" is the reason given by Audrey Drake of N.Y. City

1600 Broadway, New York, with certain required facts printed either on the back of the photograph, or on the coupon which will be found on page 31 of this issue. Two photographs are better than one, and of these, one of the pictures should show the contestant without a hat.

So much for the contest in brief. Full details will be found on page 31.

But to get back to the girl inquirer who came to us.

She was a singularly attractive girl, in her early twenties. She absolutely teemed with that indefinable something which, for want of a better name, we call "magnetism."



# Room in the "Big 4"

Publisher of Pantomime

But—in all kindness—not even her sweetheart would have claimed that she was pretty.

"I'd dearly love to enter your contest," she told me—but "I'm wondering if I have any chance.

"I believe I can act," she went on quickly, before I could answer. "In fact I've done a great deal of acting—in amateur performances. My friends say I'm fairly good—of course, I know friends would say that anyhow.

"But the point is, I'm crazy about the movies—I believe that, given a chance, I can make good—in the right sort of role—but I've got sense enough to know that I'm not pretty.

"I know I'm not repulsively ugly, either. Without conceit, I believe I am at least a little bit attractive—and I absolutely *know* I'm not a bit more homely than some of the people on the screen today.

"But when they were handing out the beauty, they passed me entirely by."



Gladys Moore,  
of Lenox, N. Y.,  
hopes to be one of the  
"Big Four" because it gives  
her a chance to be near home.



Helen A. Cran-  
dall lives at Elm-  
hurst, L. I., but  
who would leave it  
for pictures.



Miss  
Marie  
Schelsher of  
Wilkes-Barre,  
Pa., wants to win  
because she "dearly  
loves the movies."

The young woman laughed in mighty attractive fashion. Then she went on, very, very seriously:

"I've followed a great many of these contests. This though seems different from all the others. In the first place the others all only offered one position. I see PANTOMIME offers four.

"Also—and this is what appealed to me—your announcement says, 'you don't have to be beautiful to win.' Then you go on to explain that this contest is for types—that a girl may be chosen, provided she fits in, whether she be a swan, or an ugly duckling.

(Continued on page 30)



# "Our Mary's" Double

By William McHughson

HERE'S a girl who sat up with a start and took notice that the land of "Some-day-Perhaps" isn't located entirely in the dream-world.

One day Mary Pickford selected Louise Du Pre as her understudy and double and now, as a result, Louise steps into the limelight as a star in her own right.

That's being *lucky* and Louise has quite properly been christened, "The Luckiest Girl in the World." She is a little Atlanta beauty from one of the pioneer settlers of the state of Georgia, and it is doubtful if nature ever cast two human beings so nearly alike in face and figure as Mary and Louise. This fact caused her engagement to "duplicate" the great screen star in Miss Pickford's own company where she learned all of the subtle little mannerisms of playing



*She has the same sort of pathetic eyes that made "the Sweetheart of the World" famous.*

a "child" part and the artifices that go to a presentation of wholesome young womanhood. Like Mary she can assume the character of a "child" or a "grown-up" and in her first starring vehicle, "The Proof of Innocence," she will be seen in both characterizations.

The newest star has all of the fascination of the girls from Dixie concealed in the depths of a pair of big soulful eyes—the same sort of pathetic eyes that made Mary famous—and they have the same manner of changing rapidly into a bright, bewitching smile and the sadness vanishes like dew in the rays of the sun.

Like Mary she is a child-woman, only five feet in height, with tiny feet and a perfectly formed body and though young and fresh and sweet and single, she has crowded into her life wide experiences in the dramatic profession on the speaking stage as well as in the motion picture studios.

But of all her dramatic artistry her greatest attribute is her ability to assume a child role—to play the part of a little girl of twelve, repressing the emotions, assuming the mannerisms and the wondering, trusting look of childlike unsophistication, is a natural qualification with Louise Du Pre. Dramatic training and her association with Miss Pickford developed this quality to a fine state of perfection.

"At times during my engagement with Miss Pickford," says Miss Du Pre, "I had to pinch myself to test the reality of the situation. It didn't seem real. Miss Pickford taught me more about the art of portraying a child than I could have learned in a lifetime on the speaking stage, and the fact that nature moulded me into the 'type' necessary to play the part of a child has added to the experience gained under the screen's greatest 'child' actress.

"This," says Miss Du Pre, "is not a trick of make-up; it is really a matter of expression governed by mental control. A noted psychologist recently stated that our whole outward appearance is under the control of our thoughts. That as we think, so do we look, and I have found this to be absolutely true.

"An excellent and clearly understandable illustration of this is the immediate and complete change in appearance that is seen in persons in

fits of anger or pain. And the exact opposites in periods of joy or contentment. Less startling changes in our outward appearance is induced when we are in a tranquil or troubled frame of mind; but the change is there just the same, just as all of our thoughts are registered in varying degrees; and this being the case it is obvious that beautiful thoughts will bring beauty to our outward appearance.

"Clean, wholesome, youthful thoughts and ideas keep us young in face, and body too, because the body, in fact the whole system, is under psychologic domination.

"Clothes, of course, help," continues Miss Du Pre. "I could not possibly impersonate a child without dressing like a child, but the mere fact of donning a child's frock and concealing the

(Continued on page 30)



*Here's Louise Du Pre in a pose that might easily fool "Our Mary" herself.*



*She is only five feet in height, with a round, perfectly formed little body.*



# "Nothing To Say For Publication"

By Wallace Reid

**D**ID you ever hear that one about that cer-rich man who was reported to have committed suicide and when the newspaper men went around to his house to get a story on it they were met at the door by the butler who said, "Yes, it is true that my master has killed himself, but I am sorry to say that I have been given orders to report that he has nothing to say for publication!"

Fabulous yarns of this kind is one of the reasons why I am a motion picture star instead of a newspaper man.

In my younger days, before I knew what the inside of a motion picture studio looked like, I was a reporter on a daily newspaper in Newark. It was the *Newark Daily Star*, now defunct. It was the tales I used to hand in to the editor in lieu of the absence of news, that started me on the road to stardom in the silent drama.

Newspapers are conducted on a strictly business basis and people buy them in order to find out what is going on in this world. My ideas of what constituted a news item, and the editor's views on the same subject, differed considerably. Consequently, and eventually, I was soon doing other—and more lucrative—labor. My salary as a cub reporter, at that time, was ten dollars per week.

I drifted into journalism quite naturally. In my school days I had always had the secret ambition to write and when I had finished prep-

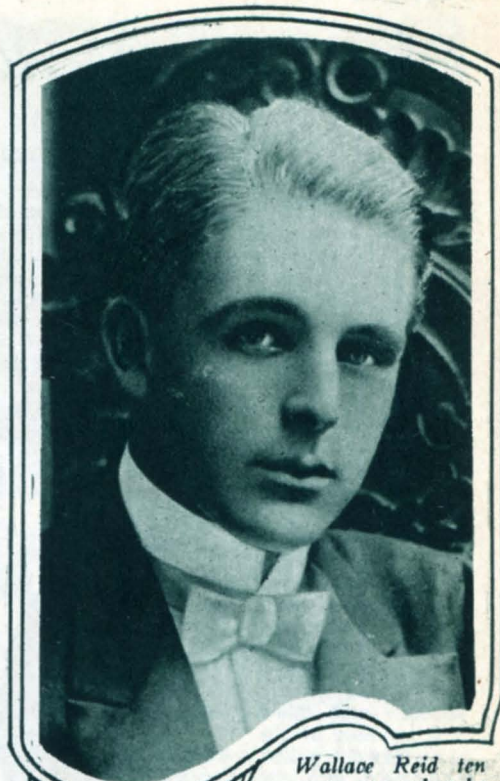
school I turned to a newspaper office much, I imagine, as a duck turns to water.

I never knew a newspaper man who was overpaid, or even well paid. Certainly my early efforts along that line did not bring either fame or fortune. I could have scraped along without the fame, but it was essential that I win at least the first few dollars of a fortune.

That first job of mine on the old *Newark Daily Star* did very little toward gratifying this desire. As a strict matter of fact I had to practise higher mathematics to make the weekly pay envelope tally with the weekly expenses. And I didn't dine in gilded palaces either.

I went the regular route of the cub reporter, doing police and court assignments and taking a turn on the "morgue." Finally the managing editor sent me out on a fire story. One of the biggest hotels in Newark was ablaze, we were told over the telephone. I dashed down to the fire, making it in about ten minutes. But I found the great conflagration was already a thing of the past, a charred awning being the only evidence left.

I was greatly disappointed, having pictured myself writing a huge front page yarn about the blaze. Unwilling to be cheated of my story, I went into the hotel office and asked to see the proprietor. When the hotel man learned that I was a newspaper reporter, he opened up like a shark's mouth. He filled me with more



Wallace Reid ten years ago, when he had dreams of setting the world on fire as a boy reporter.



Instead of waiting for assignments Wallie now spends his time teaching his dog to be kind to cats.



Wallace and his mother snapped during a recent visit to New York.

bull in a minute than a Coney Island barker could in a week. And I, like a boob, swallowed it all and went back to the office and wrote a three-column yarn. It was all about how the blaze swept through the marble halls of the hotel, how the pretty lady guests "fled in scant attire," and what a brave man the proprietor was.

The managing

editor—a hard-boiled old newspaper type—read my story and just scowled at me.

"Young man," he said, "you have too much imagination for this sheet. We got a report of this fire from the Fire Department, and the loss was just \$25. All that burned was a measly awning. Here you go writing the whole front page about it!"

Naturally I didn't last long with the *Newark Star*. I stuck with the newspaper game though, acting as Atlantic Coast correspondent for the *New York Journal* for a time and finally accepting an offer to become assistant editor of *Motor Magazine*. The title of "assistant editor" sounded very large and satisfying—and the salary, while not overly gratifying, especially in these days of fairly high wages, went its predecessor several points better.

Now I suppose that every cub reporter has

(Continued on page 30)



"The Silent Vow"

The novelization of William Duncan's lated feature production

**R**ICHARD STRATTON, Inspector of the Central Division of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, sat in his office at headquarters. In his hand he held a picture of a woman, young and beautiful, with a ravishing, half-hidden dimple at the corner of her mouth and a face framed in tendrils of curling brown hair. But all the loveliness in the photograph could not soften the stern lines of Stratton's face. It was the picture of his wife Elizabeth. Twenty years before she had ruined his life by eloping with Jim Gorson, a reckless, handsome, *courreur-de-bois*. As Inspector Stratton studied the picture, the door opened behind him, his son, Dick, dressed in the brilliant scarlet tunic and blue breeches of the mounted police, stepped into the room. The young man saw the cause of his father's reverie and a look of pity came over his face.

Had Stratton known it, at that moment Jim Gorson was making his way through the forest towards the town. Years had deprived Gorson of the good looks which had won Elizabeth Stratton's fancy. His dissolute youth had paved the way for an unattractive, wrinkled, early old age. He was accompanied by his two sons, Bill Gorson, an evil-faced, ruffianly-appearing youth, had inherited all the worst traits of his vicious father. Doug Gorson, however, the younger brother, seemed strangely out of place in the family, his lean, bronzed face reflected an admirable character, intelligence, a man incapable of meanness.

That evening the little frontier settlement welcomed the coming of the trappers and hunters for their season's supplies with the annual ball. The big, rough hall was filled with picturesque people of the North—trappers, *courreurs-de-bois*, hunters, Indians and scarlet-clad mounted police. All the girls for miles around had gathered in their simple finery. And amid all the beauties of the North two sisters, known as Anne and Ethel, stood out. Doug Gorson asked Ethel for the first dance and the two were soon revolving about the floor. His brother stepped towards Anne to ask her to be his partner when one of the elder women interrupted by introducing Dick Stratton. Before Bill could say a word young Stratton had slipped his arm around Anne's waist and whirled her off into the crowd. Disconcerted and annoyed, Bill Gorson retired to a chair to stare lowering at the dancers.

As the young people swung about the floor, two sworn foes of a generation had met unknowingly. Inspector Stratton had entered to see the merrymaking. As he turned to leave, he bumped full into Jim Gorson—for a second they stood face to face, yet no recognition took place. Richard Stratton muttered some commonplace excuse and stepped out into the night. Gorson, annoyed by the closeness of the crowded room, followed.



CHAPTER II

**T**HAT evening Paul Crisp, a wealthy lumber buyer, opened the safe in his rude, cabin-like office. At the window, a rough, villainous face appeared and took in the situation at a glance. As Crisp counted his money, he was interrupted by the grim command, "Put 'em up." Instead of obeying, Crisp threw himself on the outlaw and grappled with him. There was a short, fierce struggle, both fell to the floor—then a pistol shot and Crisp lay motionless.

Two people had heard the shot—Richard Stratton and Jim Gorson. The latter ran towards the open doorway of Crisp's office and entered. Inspector Stratton also came to investigate. The two stared at each other, until suddenly a light of recognition flashed in Stratton's eyes and a look of wild unreasoning hate swept over his face. The Inspector drew his pistol, pulled off his hat and looked Gorson straight in the face. Gorson shrank back horror-struck.

"So you remember me, Gorson; the man you betrayed twenty years ago."

Gorson stood cowering. "No, I won't kill you," the Inspector went on, his mouth working, his whole face distorted. "I will have greater vengeance. I know you did not kill this man, but I will load the crime on you and have you hanged. It is the price you must pay for her."

The Inspector blew his police whistle. The

shrill blast brought two mounted policemen. "I looked through the window," he explained, "and saw that man fire the shot; he is the murderer."

The two policemen seized Gorson by the arms and lead him away to jail, while Stratton stood gloating, almost with the air of a maniac.

Later in the evening Bill and Doug Gorson learned the story of the unjust arrest from their father. Bill determined to have it out with Stratton then and there. The two Gorsons entered the Inspector's office noiselessly. Bill slid the bolt across the door. His face



Stratton slipped his arm about Anne's waist.

VITAGRAPH

Presents

"The Silent Vow"

Richard Stratton with the following cast:

Dick Stratton	.....	WILLIAM DUNCAN
Marie	.....	EDITH JOHNSON
Anita	.....	Dorothy Dazen
Elizabeth Stratton	.....	Maud Emery
Doug Gorson	.....	J. Maurice Foster
Jim Gorson	.....	Henry Herbert
Bill Gorson	.....	Fred Behrle
Dawson	.....	Jack Curtis
The Professor	.....	Charles Dudley

wore a murderous gleam of hatred. Doug tried to calm his brother; but before he could prevent it, Bill had leaped toward the Inspector. The latter rose in consternation. As Doug slipped his arm around his brother's neck to pull him off, unexpectedly the Inspector crumpled up into a heap on the floor. Bill started back in alarm, eyeing the motionless, unconscious figure of his late opponent. Doug knelt beside the fallen Inspector and put his ear to his chest to listen for a heart beat—there was no answering throb.

"Heart failure," said Doug. Meanwhile Dick and the mounted policeman in charge of the prison had heard the commotion. They rushed to the rescue. Young Stratton threw his weight against the door. The guard, remembering that he had not locked the door of Gorson's cell, ran back to do his duty. As he put his hand on the knob, the door opened suddenly and Jim Gorson sprang out on him, grasped him by the throat and hurled him to the floor. At the same moment, Dick Stratton shook the office door off its hinges and came lurching into his father's office. He covered the two younger Gorsons with his pistol. But the advantage remained with him only for a moment. Jim Gorson appeared behind him, threw his weight on Dick and knocked him head foremost. His sons, no longer covered, sprang forward and wrested the pistol from Dick's hands. Bill knocked him on the head with the butt. As the three Gorsons ran towards the outer door, the prison guard staggered to his feet and fired. The shot struck Jim Gorson and he fell to the floor, killed almost instantly. The two boys knelt over their father and saw that it was useless for them to remain longer. They hurriedly fled away into the darkness.

CHAPTER III

**T**HE next morning, Dick Stratton and another policeman buckled on their bandoliers, mounted their horses and rode northward into the forest to "get" the Gorson boys. Day after day they followed the elusive trail. Dick was animated by a double purpose, to carry out his duty as a member of the "Royal Mounted" and to



avenge what he considered to be the brutal murder of his father.

After several days of the chase Doug and Bill Gorson determined to separate so that each could try to shake off his pursuer alone. Dick Stratton followed Doug's trail.

Finally Doug made a camp and built a fire. From afar, Stratton saw the thin column of smoke rising upward in the still air. He dismounted from his horse, drew his pistol and crept forward along the top of a little cliff until he could look down on David below. Suddenly the crumbling ground gave away under the policeman and he was precipitated downward. Gorson jumped to his feet as the crimson figure came rolling in on him. But in all the rough descent, the policeman had kept his pistol clutched tightly in his hand. Still lying on the ground he covered the man, whom he believed to be his father's murderer.

"Put them up, Gorson."

The fugitive slowly elevated his hands above his head. Stratton rose to his feet and snapped a pair of handcuffs around Gorson's wrists. He had got his man. Then an unexpected interruption occurred. They heard the sound of a terrific explosion, followed by the screams of women in distress.

#### CHAPTER IV

**A**FTER the ball, Marie and Anita paddled homeward in their canoe. As they came to the clearing in which their cabin stood, they were struck with an air of unfamiliarity. Their mother did not come out to meet them. Alarmed and anxious the two girls rushed towards the cabin and burst through the door. Their old Indian servant sorrowfully pulled a note out of her dress and handed it to Anne.

"My dear children:

I call you that, but you are not my children. I found you as infants in the care of our faithful Indians, your parents victims of an epidemic.

Bringing you to splendid womanhood partially atones for the error of my youth, but that same error it impossible for you to know me any longer.

Always be good women.

Your loving,

"MOTHER."

"Which way did Mother go?" Anne finally asked, with a sob in her voice.

The old squaw pointed northward. The same idea came into both of the girls' minds

simultaneously. They hurried back to their canoe and shoved off into the swirling current, determined to follow the woman who had cared for them all their lives, and whom they loved as a mother.

After several days of hardship Bill Gorson succeeded in eluding the policeman who pursued him. He had reached the section of the wilderness governed by "Sledge" Morton, the Czar of the river district. In appearance he was a fat, gross, evil-faced ruffian with little pig-like eyes and an unkempt, stubble beard. Bill encountered him riding through the forest, and readily accepted his invitation to become a member of his gang. As they came to the river bank they saw the canoe in which Anne and Ethel plied the paddles slipping through the water. "Sledge" surveyed the two girls. His little eyes glinted lustfully and his mouth watered at the sight of Ethel's fresh young beauty. Bill recognized Anne as the girl who had scorned him at the ball. The two held a whispered consultation and quickly came to an agreement which would have made the girls shudder had they known it. Then Morton pulled out his watch, struck with sudden alarm.

"My God! It is nearly nine o'clock. We must get those girls ashore at once."

He stepped out from behind the bushes and gesticulated. An unexpected change in the current swung the canoe to shore. Morton seized it and pulled it out on the bank. He was just in time. There was a resounding detonation, the river seemed to split in two and a miniature geyser of water was flung into the air. Then the bodies of hundreds of stunned fish appeared on the surface. This was Morton's inhuman method of fishing. He and Bill Gorson, however, wasted no time. Each seized one of the girls, mounted his horse and together they rode towards Morton's camp.

But Stratton and Doug Gorson had heard the sound. They came out on the river bank just in time to see the two abductors ride off with the struggling, screaming girls.

#### CHAPTER V

**"T**HAT'S "Sledge" Morton," cried Doug. "Save the girls from him."

Stratton unlocked the handcuffs and took them from his captive's wrists.

"You must help me rescue them; we'll settle our affair afterward."

The two allies, so lately enemies, set off in pursuit. The trail led them to an under-



Over the body of the dead man, suddenly a light of recognition flashed in Stratton's eyes.

ground tunnel. With pistol in hand Stratton cautiously stepped forward, followed by Doug. Suddenly the passage debouched into a large, cellar-like chamber. They started back, amazed to find themselves in a complete scientific laboratory filled with electrical and chemical apparatus of the latest and most up-to-date makes. In the center of the room before a piano-key effect of switches sat a near-sighted, aged man of studious demeanor. Suddenly a voice warned the two where they were. They turned to find themselves facing the barrel of "Sledge's" pistol.

"Strange place, Mr. Officer?" he sneered. "We fish with modern methods these days. The Professor doesn't like policemen either. They've been hunting him too many years."

While Morton covered them, the Professor bound them hand and hand and foot.

Upstairs Morton had left the girls in charge of the new camp cook. By a strange coincidence, this last was the runaway "mother" of the two girls. The meeting between them was not a happy one, for the older woman had already learned something of "Sledge's" viciousness.

"The little one, they call Ethel is mine," they heard Morton announce; "you can have the other."

He flung open the door and walked into the room followed by three villainous, unshaven lieutenants. Meanwhile in the laboratory below Dick had not been idle. As the Professor dozed over his switchboard, the policeman took a hammer in his teeth, hopped up behind the aged scientist, and managed to strike him on the head and knock him unconscious. Then Stratton managed to apply his bindings to the red-hot soldering iron and released his hands. To cut his own bindings and then Doug's was the work of a moment. Then the two dashed upstairs. They were just in time. Stratton felled one ruffian, who was attacking Anne, and then he closed with "Sledge" Morton, while David struggled with two others. It was a stirring, hand-to-hand fight. Unexpectedly one of Morton's men drew a knife on Doug. At this juncture Bill Gorson appeared in the doorway. His better instincts prevailed, he whipped out his pistol and fired at his brother's attacker and that shot ended the fight. "Dick Stratton," exclaimed Bill, recognizing the policeman.

At this word, a strange look appeared in the worn face of the "mother" of the two girls. (Continued on page 30)



The two girls made themselves at home, upstairs, under the charge of the new camp cook.



# Back On The Job

By Eustace, our "fired" office boy, who just been hired again

I HATE to talk about meself, but—well, anybody kin get fired, but it takes a regular guy to git his job back again. An' dat's me!

You remember how I gets de can tied onto me. I ain't sayin' it wasn't comin' to me. But I ain't sayin' it was, either.

You know, I got meself in wrong wid de big boss foist when I keeps a dame frum comin' into his private office, and den, jus' tryin' to be sociable, tells her all about de swell chickens wots always trottin' in. How wuz I to know dat dis dame was de Boss' wife? How wuz anybody to know a old grouch like him could cop off such a swell dame?

I manages to square meself about dat—but de very next week, when a important lookin' lady steps up wid a "I-mean-business" look in her eyes, I remembers what has happened before. I does some quick thinkin', and I figures it out dat she must be a aunt of de boss, or sumpin. So I passes her in.

An' right away hell-on-wheels busts loose. It turns out dat de business-like looking' dame is a reformer wot has come in to tell de boss where to git off for runnin' pictures on de front cover uv PANTOMIME which is calculated to bust up happy homes.

Dat evenin', when I'm called on de carpet. I tries to tell de boss how dis dame probably has a husband which has compared her wid some of the ladies wot we prints pictures of—an' how you couldn't blame him much at dat. But it don't go.

"Eustace," says de boss, very gentle like—he always talks soft an' pretty when he's gittin' ready to pull somethin' rough—"Eustace, de lady's family troubles is nothin' in my young life. Neither is de tribulations of her husband. He married her, and if he didn't have his eyes open when he done it, it ain't no fault of mine. Havin' married her, it's his legal an' moral duty to live with her—to see her night an' day, or, at any rate, as little as he kin git away with.

"But I didn't marry her, Eustace. She has no claim on me. And so, there ain't no reason why I should have to see her none at all. There ain't but one reason why I ever did see her. That reason, my son, is you.

"I trust I need not remind you, Eustace, about how de good book says plain an' simple: 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out!'

"Who am I, Eustace," de boss says, "to disobey de good book. No, much as it hurts me, I've gotta pluck you out. In other words, you're fired."

At first I thought mebbe de Boss was kiddin'. So I cum to work next day as usual.

Den de cashier spots me. She's a real cute little dame, wid bobbed hair, an' "come hither" eyes an' short skirts, an' dem vamp-cut sleeves.

"Why, Eustace," she says, "wot are you doin' here? I got orders to take you off'n de pay roll."

Dat settled it with me. I turned right around an' beat it. When any guy stops my pay, I don't care who it is. I quits.

Dat wuz two weeks ago. Durin' dem two weeks I've found out somethin'. I'll let you in on de secret. It's dis: Jobs is awful scarce. Dey was so scarce for me, in fact, dat after wearin' out about eight dollars' worth of shoe leather walkin' about twenty miles a day answerin' ads, an' crashin' de gate in de big office buildin's, I sort of got disgusted an' quit.

Next mornin' I don't get up, an' when me mother calls me, I tells her I don't want no breakfast. Me folks ain't got no too much jack, an' I ain't eatin' what I can't pay for. "I'll sleep off de hunger," I thinks to me-self.

Now here's a funny thing I found out dat mornin'. When I had to git up, and be down on de job, it seemed to me like I would give ten years of me life just for ten more winks. But

dis mornin', wid not a thing in the world ahead of me 'ceptin' just rest, I couldn't sleep to save me life.

So I lay dere in bed, wid me eyes closed, but wide awake, thinkin'. Just thinkin'.

Now de Boss tells me dat when it comes to thinkin' I reminds him of a cow what has been eatin' loco weed. Be dat at it may, dis mornin' I gits a bright idea.

"Why should I waste me time lookin' for a measly job as office boy—an' gittin' truned down every time," says I to me-self, "when I kin go back to work for PANTOMIME—an' make more jack dan I was gettin' before.

Get me idea? I was thinkin' about de big contest, where PANTOMIME is givin' away six big automobiles and ninety-four funny-grafs fer votes.

"I'll try it," says I, still to me-self. "I got a lot of friends—at least, dey says dey likes me. I'll try 'em out an' see if dey means it. I'll git 'em to subscribe to PANTOMIME, and git meself a flock of votes fer every subscription, an' cop one of dem prizes. Wid a hundred prizes hung out, coppin' off one oughta be a cinch.

Well, it was jus' like I'd figured it out. Me friends was all glad to come through, when I showed 'em de magazine. "Eustace," one of 'em says to me, "I'm glad to give you dis subscription. I'm glad to help you—an', besides, de magazine itself is cheap at de price. I'm gettin' more dan me money's worth."

Of course, all of 'em didn't kick in wid a full year's subscription. Some of 'em said dey could only afford it for six months. An' some of 'em couldn't even afford dat much. But I had answer for dis last bunch, too. "If you ain't heavy wid jack," I tells 'em, "just slip me a single one buck for three months' subscription."

An' it's a pretty poor friend what ain't willin' to do dat little bit for you—an' git a bang-up magazine, too.

So it didn't take me no time at all, hardly, to git fifty dollars' worth of subscriptions. Den I took 'em to de PANTOMIME offices an' told 'em to credit me wid de votes.

Dey done dat little thing. Dey done more dan dat, too. Dey slipped me a ten dollar gold-piece as a bonus.

"Holy cripes," I says, "when did you start doin' dis?"

"New scheme," de cashier says. "Everybody who sends in \$50 worth of subscriptions up to May 15th gits ten dollars in cash, in addition to de votes. Also de subscription price has been cut to four dollars a year."

"Is dat so?" I says. "Den you watch me git busy."

Also, de cashier says dat de Boss wants to see me. So I goes in.

"Ah, Eustace," says de Boss, all smilin', "glad to see you. Sit down."

I done so, an' den de Boss goes on: "I am glad to see you are so industrious in de contest, Eustace," he says. "Also, I believe perhaps dis little enforced vacation has taught you discretion. So, if you wish, you may come back to work again, in your old job, tomorrow."

I thinks it over, Boss," I says. "I ain't sure but what it's better to keep on workin' in dis contest.

De Boss grins. "Admirable," says he. "Most admirable. But, Eustace, me lad, why not do both. Have your regular job here durin' de day, an' git subscriptions from your friends durin' your spare time in de evenin'. Dat ought to be easy."

I'd never thought of dat—but when de Boss explained, I could see it plain. Dat evenin' I tried it out—an' I got three subscriptions.

Say, people, from now on, I'm gonna start a bank account—on spare time work, at dat!!

## Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
G. Reichman, Bronx, N. Y.	18,270
Jose G. Byrd, Hoopeston, Ill.	11,060
Joseph A. Fisher, Montello, Mass.	10,600
Cora Monteverdi, Orange, N. J.	9,990
Mazel Mae Buel, Burlington, Kan.	9,150
Ernest Whitelock, Martinsburg, W. Va.	7,310
Louis Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.	7,270
C. Crocker, Concord, N. H.	3,680
Fred Roesch, Hoboken, N. J.	3,150
Edward J. Miller, Jersey City, N. J.	3,150
Betty C. Hutchins, Frostburg, Md.	3,150
J. Kirscher, New York City	3,000
Harry C. Shumard, Dodge City, Kan.	2,000
Marie Schelcher, Wilkes Barre, Pa.	1,184
Byrd W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla.	1,150
George Banta, Long Island City, N. Y.	720
C. L. Christensen, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.	680
Albert Jolmsen, Minneapolis, Minn.	590
Mrs. U. R. Schmittroth, Twin Bridges, Mont.	540
Antonio Lopez, Long Beach, L. I.	420
Italo De Berardinia, Brooklyn, N. Y.	390
Alice Lisho, Newark, N. J.	390
Leo A. Chouinard, Lynn, Mass.	330
Valma Ziegler, New York City	330
Rosemary Deegan, Chicago, Ill.	300
Lloyd Schultz, Baldwinville, N. Y.	270
Katherine Charmello, Derby Conn.	270
J. P. Oppenheim, New York City	270
Mrs. W. A. Bjorklund, Hoopeston, Ill.	240
Savannah Watts, Philadelphia, Pa.	
Mrs. Susue H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	240
Ruby Pippert, Dixon, Ill.	240
Arthur Louis Lisi, Dunkirk, N. Y.	240
Robert Anderson, Bastrop, La.	210
William Dailey, Omaha, Neb.	210
C. Goethe, Brooklyn, N. Y.	210
Shipley R. Ricker, Woburn, Mass.	210
A. M. Ford, Auburn, Me.	210
Michael Nicolletta, Clyde, N. Y.	210
Constance Erbaugh, Dayton, Ohio	210
C. Artoite Miller, Cairo, Ill.	210
Florence Schultz, Chicago, Ill.	210
William Duff, Chicago, Ill.	210
Jack Bolgar, Salt Lake City, Utah	180
Charles R. Griffin, Seymour, Conn.	180
Beatrice Whalen, Sioux City, Iowa	180
Ed Cummings, Cincinnati, Ohio	180
H. E. Ogle, Libby, Mont.	180
Helen Ambrose, Lowell, Mass.	180
John Daniels, Newport, R. I.	180
Mrs. Molly Lind, Brooklyn, N. Y.	180
A. C. Neidecker, New York City	180
Marie Reyen, Shelton, Conn.	180
Albert Voss, Milwaukee, Wis.	180
Pauline Sesso, Washington, D. C.	150
Mrs. Mary Wagoner, Dallas, Texas	150
Sadie Zeigler, Oranburg, Pa.	150
Leroy E. Gibbs, Chattanooga, Tenn.	150
Leona Marshall, New Bedford, Mass.	150
Julius Miller, New York City	150
Alma Minard, Dunlop, W. Va.	150
Mildred Lull, Buffalo, N. Y.	120
Stephen Apostol, New York City	120
Isabelle Caywood, New York City	120
Geneva Kappas, Waynesburg, Pa.	120
Jesse W. Magowan, Mount Sterling Ky.	120
Mrs. J. P. Hennessy, New York City	120
Rosa Yedel, Dickinson, Texas	120
Valentina Bealieu, Lowell, Mass.	120
Stanley Smith, Wilmette, Ill.	120
H. O. Moore, Defiance, Ohio	120
Harold Paulsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	120
E. S. Hoover, Grctna, Neb.	120
Sydney S. Sylvester, New York City	120
Monnerite Rice, Montague City, Mass.	120
Willie Green, Waco, Texas	120
A. J. Foster, St. Louis, Mo.	90
F. Pottle, Charles, Montreal, Canada	90
Harry N. Strouss, Chicago, Ill.	90
James Desfilippo, California, Pa.	90
Percy N. Byerly, Beaumont, Texas	90
Maurice Delinski, Jacksonville, Fla.	90
S. Louis Garthright, Richmond, Va.	90
Elizabeth Rechten, Brooklyn, N. Y.	90
Mary McKinney, Chicago Heights, Ill.	90
Gertrude Bradman, Wilmington, Del.	90
Elsie Negro, New York City	90
Mrs. Dolly Jefferson, Schenectady, N. Y.	90
A. J. Alexander, Boise, Idaho	60
W. H. Corpening, College Station, Texas	60
Cecelia Goldsand, Peekskill, N. Y.	60
Elsie Fischer, Cedarburg, Wis.	60
Edward Wisniewski, Buffalo, N. Y.	60
Roy M. Pickrell, Mountain Home, Idaho	60
Stella Wolfe, St. Augustine, Florida	60
Walter Kachnowsky, New Britain, Conn.	60
Clarence Armstrong, St. Louis, Mo.	60
Walter Schmitt, St. Louis, Mo.	60
Frank A. Martinez, Roanoke, Illinois	60
Samuel Dofsky, Chicago, Illinois	60



J. P. Valentino



# Handmaiden of Happiness

By Margaret Maurice

**S**HE'S a Handmaiden of Happiness if ever there was one—is Mildred Davis. In talking to her you get the impression that she is thrilled to the core of her small being by this very gift of life itself—and intends to get the very most out of it in a wholesome, girlish way. Though all atip-toe with enthusiasm over every little thing, there is nothing of the jazz-girl about Mildred, for she bears so strongly that ineradicable imprint of home and breeding. You know, before you ask her, that she lives at home with her people and enjoys the same pleasures as the average girl in homes the country over.



*She is dynamic little thing who talks with her hands and her shoulders as well as with her lips.*

She has a roseleaf skin, a pointed, very firm chin, blue eyes like a happy sea and a little mouth like crushed primroses. She is blessed also with a nymphlike architecture, built in graceful lines and delightful curves, the roof of her gold-splashed. She is a very dynamic little thing and talks with her hands and shoulders as well as with her lips. Life to her is like the uncut pages of a book. There is a glamorous curtain over the future which she is all too eager to lift.

It cost me fifty-five cents, two transfers and one (1) good disposition to get to the Hal E. Roach calcium camp where Mildred has parked herself these past three years as Harold Lloyd's leading-lady. But I'll say it was spent in a good cause. Reaching at last the green lawns and labyrinthian white sidewalks of the Roach backyard, I saw a splash of color and a pink and white blossom with singing eyes came to greet me. Quivering slants of the sun kissed her hair in pale slivers as she ran towards me with, I thought, the quick darting grace of a golden plover.

She bade me welcome. She has a little way about her, has Mildred, making you feel that while you are talking to her you are the most important thing in the world.

It was a warm day. "Let's find a place where we can sit a moment without simply melting," she cried in a voice like a gay little brook. We found a carpet of lush grass unbleached by the sun and sank cross-legged into it. Mildred wore a frock of white surf satin, trimmed with white braid, that she had made herself and a little green hat jauntily curved off her face.

"Heavy, heavy, hangs over your head," I croaked in a sepulchral voice. "Drammer of a deep, deep dead."

"Oh, have you heard about it? Isn't it simply marvelous?"

It is. For Mildred has worked hard for stardom and deserves it. Students of cinema astronomy have foreseen it and now the great Joss Pathe has spoken. Soon another light will be placed in the cinematic heavens: Mildred Davis. And she is very determined to make her astral position a secure one—there are so many shooting stars these days, she reminded me.

"I don't know yet what type of plays I shall do," she said, sobering for the nonce to gravity. "But you may be sure they won't be purple. Those, deep, dark things smother your soul—and they aren't real. I'm not cut out for an empress of emotion nor a vamp—and I simply can't see these new vamplets, these cherry-fizz flappers. They aren't real. I won't be a Pollyanna in a new dress, either—my, what a wardrobe that child has!"

"They'll give you a train and make you emote deeply and darkly," I prophesied. I am always, before lunch, a pessimistic soul.

She stretched herself up like a slim bolt of fused white steel and her blue eyes smouldered. She lathered me in a plethora of scorn.

"Shall not!" in a voice like gentle ice-pricks. "I won't do those things, I just won't," with a curl of a primrose lip. "I want smile-pictures, but not comedies. If I keep on in comedies, doing some of the stunts I have had to do—though Harold, of course, does not go in for 'slapstick'—I shall be wearing a pair of wings and playing the harp and go to heaven, but not as a star."

She knows what she wants—pictures that blend laughter and tears, characterizations of real, small-town girlhood—and Mildred has a pretty way of getting just about what she wants. While we talked, her eyes growing luminous with the promise of the future, a crowd silently gathered about us. She is so like a sun-kist magnet that the men naturally gravitate her way. Any old Salt would come out of his shaker for Mildred—and the Hal Roach comedians are anything but Old Salts! And Mildred has dimples. And you know what President Harding said about the dimple in the chin of the Liberty-Lady adorning the new Peace dollars which were withdrawn from circulation—"Dimples are not usually associated with peace." Men have positively no heart-peace when Mildred is around. Her dimples won't let 'em.

She's a great kiddier. Twitting this one and that, teasing all, her dulcet laughter rang on the breeze. Yet, with all her light happiness, some impellant force harries her—ambition, I guess you'd call it. She is impatient of restraint. She is a firebrand, but she has that soft, essentially feminine way of getting around you.

You are probably familiar with her career. She dramatized into comedy as it were. She worked first for Universal. But to go back a bit—less than twenty years—Mildred was born, of Quaker stock, in Philadelphia. After boarding-school she persuaded her mother to bring her to California. Playing in a series of "Miss Innocence" pictures for Mutual led her to the Metro lot, where she worked with Viola Dean. The picture was not released for some time and when

*(Continued on page 30)*



*Harold's eyes light up with a certain expression every time he looks at Mildred.*



# Doris and Priscilla

The two inseparable stars of the Hollywood Film Colony.

By Leah Fink

I WAS shopping in one of the rose-lighted, soft-carpeted shops of Los Angeles where nearly all the stars and some of the lesser lights of the feminine contingent of the silent drama foregather to look over the latest whims of Dame Fashion.

The notables were out in full force that day. In front of a huge full-length mirror I glimpsed the radiant Pauline Frederick regarding herself in a trailing gown of white satin trimmed with pearls which the hovering saleswoman enthusiastically assured her was "tres chic, madame"; and before another mirror several popular ingenues and leading ladies exclaimed over a chapeau which had just that morning arrived from Paris.

And then my attention was drawn to the tiny French room adjoining the salon.

"Priscilla, it's simply gorgeous. You must get it. I won't let you leave this store without buying that gown. It's scrumptious!"

"But Doris, it looks so well on you, too. It would really be selfish of me to buy it when you like it so much yourself."

"It's Doris May and Priscilla Dean," explained the smiling saleswoman. "Always they come together to shop. They are inseparable."

Their respective husbands, Wallace MacDonald and Wheeler Oakman, call them the "heavenly twins" and everyone knows them as the "inseparables."

At parties, dances, and the thousand and one functions where filmdom gathers you can always see them, Doris of the golden hair and big brown eyes, and Priscilla of the raven locks and black eyes, laughing, talking and having a good time together.

When Doris is not working at the R-C studio she usually runs over to watch Priscilla work and Priscilla returns the compliment when she is at leisure. They are both frank in criticizing each other's acting—and they respect each others' opinions. Their friendship



Pretty tough life—this being a director. Ask William Seiter how hard it is to get petted by Doris and Priscilla at the same time.

is really remarkable when one comes to consider them as types—the one fair, petite and full of the whimsicalities of the flapper stage; the other dark, tempestuous and a bit grave.

"Priscilla is the most wonderful girl I have ever known," Doris told me one afternoon. "And more than that she is a regular fellow. You know, last Summer when Wheeler went to New York for a few weeks Priscilla stayed at our house and we had a splendid time. It's funny, the way we met. I knew Wheeler very well and Priscilla knew Wallace. When Wallie and I became engaged, he and Priscilla and Wheeler got together and arranged a surprise party on me. I liked Priscilla from the very first and I guess she liked me, too, because we have been the dearest friends ever since."

"Before I went East to buy my trousseau last Summer Priscilla poured over pictures and designs for all the things that brides love. She was just as excited about it as though it was her own wedding, and on the day I left she gave me the most beautiful negligee I have ever seen. She made every stitch of it with her own hands, and I am so proud of it that I am going to keep it forever."

"Oh, well, Priscilla's a dear."

And Doris was off in a eulogy that took cognizance of every one of the Dean features, hobbies, likes and dislikes. Indeed it developed that the only point of disagreement between these two was entirely due to the other halves of the May-Dean household. Doris insists that "Wallie" is the best husband that ever lived and Priscilla, on her side, declares that there is not another man on earth half as nice as Wheeler. So there you are!



Priscilla loves her home, and she's just crazy about her hubby, but she's really happiest when she's out-of-doors.



Doris looks more like a school-girl than a bride with a whole house, n'everything.

Last Fall Doris and Priscilla gave a joint Halloween party for which they made all the refreshments and favors themselves, and to which they invited nearly every one of importance in filmland.

On days when they are not working they usually go off on long jaunts on horseback, both of the girls being expert riders. They are also fond of outdoor life and every kind of sport from golf to swimming and indulge as often as their work will permit them.

Just now the Wheeler Oakmans and the Wallace MacDonald are having the time of their young lives running their old releases on the new projection machine which has been installed in the Oakman household.

"It's more fun," laughed Doris. "Priscilla and I get all the old pictures we made a few years ago and run them. Sometimes it is hard to believe it is really us on the screen. A year or two can make so much difference because of the change of styles in clothes and hair dressing. Priscilla and I both have our dreams and ambitions. Priscilla wants to do big outdoor pictures with strong, dramatic themes and some day I, too, hope to make a few dramatic productions, although I am ever so happy playing the 'flapper' roles like those I did in my last three R-C pictures."

"We both like to read. Sometimes when we are too tired to go out in the evening Wheeler and Wallie play pool and Priscilla and I snuggle down on the davenport in the living-room and just read and read."

Nothing to suggest stars or enormous salaries about these two girls. Both are happy and contented in their work, concerned over the little problems of housekeeping just like any other young brides, and just as excited over a new party frock as any two young school or business girls.



# Big Moments in Picture



Once in a while (look to the left, please) the cave man stuff does work. In "Snows of Destiny," a Swedish picture of the story told by the famous Dr. Selma Lagerlof in the novel, "Sir Arne's Treasure," the hero does this to the heroine and it all turns out all right.



Inspector, keep cops on duty. you'll see above, into automobile, sure intends to ground in the on this is taken, f "Across the

The titles of son not so easily und one from which ti is taken. It is Crimson Challenge, Mower is evidenti any one to wear soned bandage an pleasant as

"The Man From Home," the making of which took James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry to Italy, has been completed and these players are back home. This is a scene taken on actual location in one of the seaport towns of King Victor's domain.



Below is Rodolfo Valentino in his last picture as a featured player, for with the completion of "Beyond the Rocks" from which this is taken he becomes a star in his own right. Gloria Swanson is the lady who is receiving the glance that has made Rodolfo the popular hero.





# res You Haven't Seen



Right—At the beginning of the honeymoon the Sheik repeats his vows never to have a harem, but circumstances arrive where he must take another wife. Pretty tough, we'll say, on the American girl who plays the title role in "The Sheik's Wife."



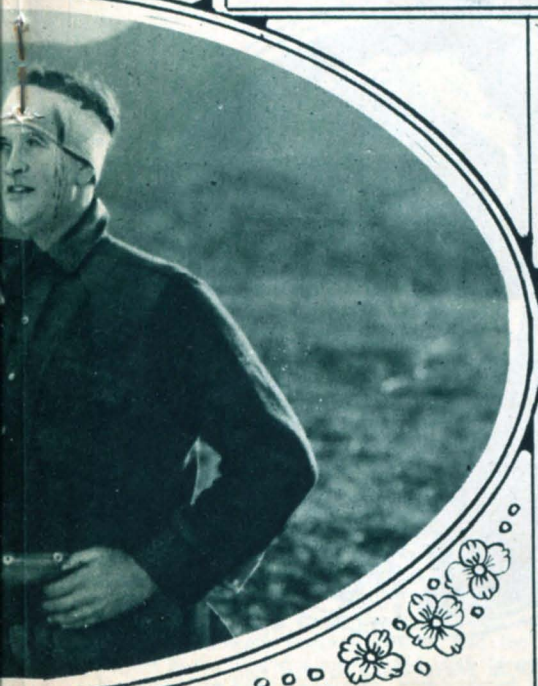
all the traffic Wally Reid, as he, has gone back to pictures and he to cover some one from which for it is called e Continent."

ome pictures are understood as the this scene below is called "The enge," and Jack ently challenging ear a real crim- and still look as as he does.



Mia May (yes, Leland, it is really pronounced Me Oh My), who had the hardihood to act through the whole fifty-two reels of "Mistress of the World," is shown on the left in a scene from "The Wife Trap," a far shorter picture, that is soon to be released.

Below is a scene from the picture that was originally called "The Cat That Walked Alone," and then it was disguised with the title "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Milton Sills and Dorothy Dalton are the two players.





# An Easter Miniature

By Myrtle Gebhart

**N**O new silk dress with knee-length skirt and sleeveless bodice for Madge Bellamy, Thomas H. Ince's latest "discovery" who does such remarkable work in "Hail the Woman"; no ultra-modern gown from the expensive establishment of a 1922 modiste, no Paris importation. She will preside over her charming home on Easter Day, an old-fashioned little maid in priceless finery bequeathed to her from generations of Texas ancestors.

Madge was very interested in my query as to what she intended wearing—and at that very moment was "trying on" her quaint costume for her mother's approval. It was a charming, ruffy affair of blue-flowered taffeta, with billowy skirt and snug little bodice. She will wear it with an old-fashioned bonnet covered with posies and tied with long ribbon streamers, and a shawl that belonged to her grandmother.

"It is a quaint custom in our family," explained this little girl of the flower-like beauty who looks for all the world like a Dresden China doll come to life, "to wear our mother's finery instead of modern attire on Easter Day. Some people might call it silly and old-fashioned, but Mother and Father like it, so why shouldn't I do it to please them? Besides," she confessed archly, "I adore the custom myself! Sort of—don't you think—romantic?"

She pirouetted gracefully and the silken ruffles whirled in eddies of blue and pink flowers—you can't get material like that nowadays for love nor money—giving delightful glimpses of wee lace pantaloons beneath. To make the costume complete, she will wear dainty black lace "mitts" of our grandmothers' day and little black heelless slippers with heavy white stockings.

Miss Bellamy is being featured now in Maurice Tourneur's production, "Lorna Doone," which honor she won for herself by her marvelous delineation of pathetic little Nan in "Hail the Woman."

In the quaint costume that Lorna wears she looks for all the world like a portrait of Grandmother as a Young Girl. This Old-World charm which is so noticeable in her character-

and accomplished for her age. Her hair is of that fluffy auburn kind that photographs sometimes light and again dark, and she has big brown eyes that glow with friendliness.

A Texas girl, she has been brought up with all the Southern tradition. Completing her schooling at St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, Texas, she sought New York and a career. She studied voice culture and dancing before going on the stage. After dancing in Andreas Dippel's "The Love Mill," she played "Pollyanna" on the road and "Peg O' My Heart" in stock and then opposite William Gillette in "Dear Brutus" on Broadway. It was during this engagement that Thomas H. Ince, Christopher Columbus for the screen, discovered her and persuaded her mother to bring her West to work before the camera. Her screen plays are "The Cup of Life" and "Blind Hearts" with Hobart Bosworth, "The Call of the North" with Jack Holt, "Love Never Dies," King Vidor's production, and "Hail the Woman." She has just finished the role opposite Douglas MacLean in "The Hottentot" and is being featured in "Lorna Doone."

The mother of Gen. Sam Houston of "the Alamo" fame and her great-grandmother were sisters. The little prayer-book that she will carry Easter Day is a family heirloom. So Madge Bellamy thinks it quite fitting that on fete days such as Easter she should slip back the curtain of the past and don the garments of earlier generations. It is the quaint custom of her family to do so—and, besides, she wears these picturesque garments well!

Probably her fondness for "Grandma's clothes" is just the little girl in her seeking its natural outlet—for what child ever lived who didn't love to pretend she was living in some other age?

At any rate—well—she looks like an exquisite miniature animated with the grace of expression.



Her Easter shawl and black mitts belonged to "Granny."

Here's Madge in rather unconventional attire.

zations before the camera is also a potent factor in the daily life of this newest and finest of the screen's tragediennes. She is soft-spoken, deferential towards her mother and those who guide her motion picture destinies; she has that quiet sincerity that weaves its magic about your heart. She is but nineteen, though well posed



The little prayer-book Madge will carry is an old family heirloom.

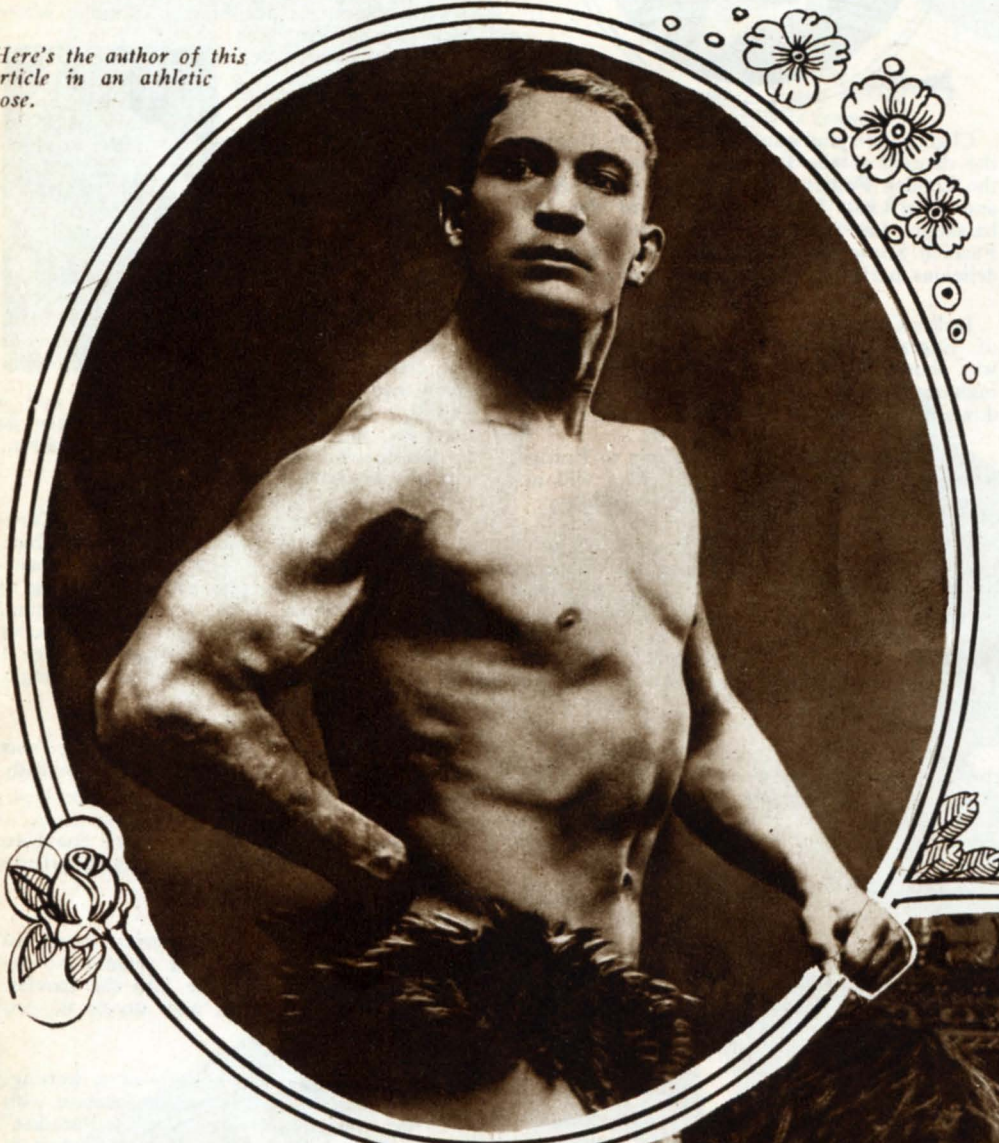


# How I Maltreated Lady Diana

By Victor McLaglan

*The noted former boxer, who once fought Jack Johnson and had many thrilling ring encounters, holding the championship of the Pacific Northwest, and now a successful screen actor, tells of his experiences in film work with the celebrated daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, in England.*

*Here's the author of this article in an athletic pose.*



into the spirit of the scenes. Many times I paused to apologize or to express a wish that my rough realism would not be unpleasant to her, but she would reply with a soft laugh and beg me not to worry on her account.

You see, I was supposed to be a criminal condemned to be hanged, and she a great lady in financial distress, who to save the family from serious difficulty and herself from imprisonment for debt, took advantage of a law of the time that relieved a woman of indebtedness upon her marriage. She married me in Newgate Gaol, thinking I would be executed the following morning. But then the Fire of London broke out, releasing me, and I, remembering the beautiful bride of the midnight ceremony, went to claim her as my own. After that I had to treat the sweet lady most shamefully.

I tried to soften my feeling, but there was always the director urging me on to renewed villainy. "Camera!" he would call, and as the deadly clicking sounded I would walk on and face the beautiful Lady Diana, who made it all the more difficult for me because of her realistic expressions of fear and horror of me.

"Go on, Victor!" Mr. Blackton would call out. "Remember you're a brutish felon without mercy!" And so I had to maul around the delicate young woman. Mr. Blackton would so arouse me that my old instinct of the fighting ring would be brought out, and I would go through a scene and almost collapse at the end through fear of having severely bruised Lady Diana.

(Continued on page 30)

EVERYONE is asking me how a big, strong fellow like myself could have handled the delicately beautiful Lady Diana Manners so roughly as I did in Mr. J. Stuart Blackton's photoplay, "The Glorious Adventure."

Well, it was not easy, I'll say that. There before me was the most lovely type of feminine beauty I have ever seen, with that fragile quality which appeals to a man's protective instinct. I'd have preferred to play the hero part, but the scenario said that I must treat her rough, and the director was right on the job with instructions that I was to get all excited and vicious and knock the heroine around.

Mr. Blackton is not a producer whose instructions an actor can disobey or change to suit his own taste. He told me I had to abuse Lady Diana most awfully, and there was nothing else to do. There it was in the scenario—scene after scene of horrible treatment of the sweet heroine.

And Lady Diana stood there, looking beautiful in seventeenth century gowns, and the last person in the world a man could wish to abuse. But she was really sporting, and entered fully



*McLaglan and Lady Diana Manners in a typical scene. He has just escaped from jail, and pays a visit to the bride who thought him dead.*



# Pantomime Paraglyphs

By Myrtle Gebhart from Hollywood

**B**USTER KEATON is demanding a male heir, but with four women—Natalie, Norma, Constance and Mother "Peg"—rooting for the sisterhood, what chance has a mere man? The girls are busy making heaps of little white frilly things and Buster is stalking around like he owned the earth. I never could see why men get so chesty over such an event—all they do is pass the cigars.



Buster Keaton insists on having a male heir. Mebbe so! Mebbe so!

John Henry, Jr., had a beautiful party celebrating his fourth birthday.

Richard Wayne, back from Truckee, swears he wore four pairs of socks up there all the time.

**T**HAT Rodolfo Valentino is fast becoming the most popular man on the screen is attested by the phenomenal increase in his "fan" mail. He gets an immense box of letters every day—mostly on pink stationery. And one girl was so anxious to see him that she walked down from Oregon. Yes, walked. She was determined to see her idol but had no money. But she had two good feet so she set out. She walked for days trudging all of that distance afoot.

She reached the Lasky studio early one morning and was told that Valentino was working and could see no visitors. "Very well, I'll wait." All day long she sat patiently on the hard bench in the outer office. Finally studio attaches took pity on her and told Valentino of her and he consented to see her. After talking with her idol for half an hour she was content to start on the long homeward journey, as she came—afoot. But I understand Valentino's generosity prevented that—and she rode back in comfort.

**T**OMMY MEIGHAN was having a peachy fight with Tom Kennedy in a scene for "Our Leading Citizen." Tommy jabbed Kennedy with what appeared to be a resounding blow, but really "pulled his punch"—that is, made it appear more severe than it was. "Don't pull your punch on me," yelled Kennedy. "I'm no lily!" Where upon, with the camera still grinding, Tommy let go again with a real one and Kennedy took the count in a fashion almost too realistic.



Tommy Meighan had a peach of a scrap with Tom Kennedy.

"I shall probably marry some day," says Bebe Daniels. But she avers she has no need of a husband, earning as much herself as any man could give her. "My aunt has a parrot that swears and my mother a dog that growls." Why marry, indeed?

Mary Prevost is back from N'Yawk with heaps of new clothes.



Charlie Chaplin gave a party for Maurice, the dancer, at the Los Angeles production of the London Follies. Guests were Agnes Ayres and Lila Lee. Then they went to the Ambassador for the dance that followed the Fashion Show and Charlie and Maurice gave a delicious burlesque of Maurice's famous dance.

Jackie Coogan got a letter from King George of England t'other day. "Peck's Bad Boy" was shown before the Royal Family in Buckingham Palace and King George sat right down and wrote Jackie how he enjoyed it.

Gloria Swanson is planning a trip to Europe, leaving in April. Mrs. Frank Urson will accompany her. They will be gone six weeks.

Filmdom "modeled" at the Fashion Show at the Ambassador the other evening for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. There were two beautiful tableaux, "Dubarry's Dream" and "Egyptian Styles," and Rosemary Theby in a skirt that was a cross between Cleopatra and Hollywood, and Eileen Percy in a black and white riding habit.

A dear old tourist watched sympathetically the orphans playing in Gareth Hughes' "The Heart of a Child." One wistful-eyed lad attracted her notice. "Here, my little man," she gave him a dime, "buy yourself an ice cream cone."

"Thank you, Madam," said Gareth, bowing low.

When Jack Holt reached home one day he found his young son, Tim, liberally coated with blackberry jam. "Good!" cried Tim.

"Good?" Jack laughed. "How do you know it's good? You're not eating it—you're wearing it!"

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry have finished "The Prisoner of Zenda" and have gone on a postponed honeymoon. It is rumored that Alice is leaving the screen.

Harold Lloyd's grandmother, a young lady of 88, is visiting him. He is rounding up all the rest of the family for a re-union.

**W**HO said New York was stealing our movies? Famous Players-Lasky has been threatening to reopen their Long Island studio for a year—and it's still bolted. They announce now that it will stay closed indefinitely. George Fitzmaurice and his wife Ouida Bergere, are here now and will start soon producing "Happiness," J. Hartley Manners' stage success, with May McAvoy in the role made famous by Laurette Taylor. And John S. Robertson and his wife will be here soon. Quite a family you're getting, Mr. Lasky.

"Polly-Awchee," Dale Fuller's parrot, has been sitting by Dale's sickbed saying over and over "Poor Dale, Poor Dale." But Poor Dale is getting well now.

R. A. Walsh and his wife, Miriam Cooper, leave soon for a tour of Italy and Spain. They all tour—but they all come back.

**N**OT long ago Richard Dix decided to look up his old pals of his "stock" days. He called upon David Butler, who was stage-manager of the Morosco Theatre where Dick played leading-man. "You wish to see the David Butler?"

Student attaches were horrified at the thought. "Why you can't see the David Butler!" At the Ince studio, he modestly requested an interview with his old friend, Douglas MacLean, and was told by somebody's sixth assistant secretary that the feat could not be accomplished without special dispensation and an ambassador extraordinaire. Dick withdrew, chastened.



Richard Dix had a tough time when he tried to be sociable.

Madge Bellamy is to be featured in C. Gardner Sullivan's story which Ince is to produce, "Some One to Love." She plays an elephant-girl and I heard some talk about her having to wear a funny hook in her nose or something. They do say Mr. Ince isn't going into ecstasies over the story. But maybe—like the cakes I bake—it will turn out better than you might think.

Frank Mayo has a brand-new dressing room at Universal. Not that it matters to anybody but Frank—

Katherine MacDonald's new story has been retitled "Heroes and Husbands." Apparently the two are not synonymous.

The daughter of a Presbyterian evangelist and the niece of the national prohibition enforcement director has gone into the movies. Put that into your pipes and smoke it, you Blue Lwa-yers.

**P**RIDE goeth before a fall—or a wetting. When Bebe Daniels was on location with the company filming "Val of Paradise" she had allotted to her the very nicest tent in the camp—the only one with a board floor.



Bebe Daniels was perfectly miserable on location.

Bebe made a big fuss over her comfy camp "palace." And the first night it rained. And as luck would have it Bebe's tent was the only one in camp whose guy ropes hadn't been properly fastened and the rain came through in bucketsful. And the men were sittin' pretty under more stable though less beautiful canvases. But they heard Bebe wailing and turned out to help, fighting the Battle of the Slack Guy Ropes valiantly.

Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and Larry Semon all have the "flu." And I haven't seen any comedy in the past week either, what with sniffles all the time.



# Topping Off Easter



Helen Ferguson invested in a new chapeau of black duvetyn, with a four-inch black fringe, which gives a plume-like effect.



Gladys Walton on the right decided there is too darned much extravagance connected with Easter, so she's sticking to her Winter hat. It's of brown satin, with a turned-up brim, encircled by a soft, feathery band.



Shannon Day, above, likes straw and ribbon combinations with very floppy, wide brims.



Florence Vidor, at the left, picked out a black milan straw, set off with an eagle feather. Very, very simple. Also very; very expensive.



There's nothing economical about the taste of lovely Sylvia Breamer, below. The wide-brimmed straw didn't cost so much—but the natural bird of paradise plumes with which it is set off raised the price considerably.



# Who's Whose in Hollywood

By Our Hollywood Hatpin

**M**AYHAP while those calumnies of our fair Hollywood are spreading over the front pages of Eastern papers, it would not be amiss to tell the world that our film-folk are really nice, home-abiding people, with husbands, wives, kiddies and kitchen ranges just like you "fans." Of course, husbands *do* circulate out here—just as in Keokuk and Cairo and Dallas and New York. In fact I recall a *faux pas* committed by a leader of the Dallas "400" during my childhood there. My mother and big sister attended a dinner and came home laughing about how the hostess had unwittingly placed a divorced couple side by side. Some of the best people there would commit divorce and there was a murder every once in a while; and I do recall some perfectly beautiful lynchings. So why pick on Hollywood!



Conrad Nagel's wife always sees that his tie is straight.

As to our married folks—I'm going to tell you Who's Whose—today. Let tomorrow bring what it may.

It used to be the fashion for the stars to conceal the fact of the marriages—remember Francis X. Bushman's frenzied denials of his wife and kids?—for fear it would hurt them with the public. But now they realize that it is their real qualities as men and women that their "fans" admire them for and not the halo of unreality which one enshrouded them.

So it has come to be the fashion not only not to deny you're happily married—but to *boast* of it. There are more stars today who are happy benedicts and spend their evenings walking the baby than there are single ones. Perhaps it's because there are so few amusement places here, no legitimate theatres of importance, nor cabarets—and there's nothing else to do but get married. And perhaps it's because after all film-folk are mere human beings.

So we have with us—today—gentlemen: Mary Pickford and "Doug"; Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph M. Schenck; poo-bah of First National; Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge (now expecting a visit from the well-known bird); Carter de Haven and his demi-tasse wife; Thos. H. Ince, whose three kiddies attend school here in Hollywood; Wallie Reid and "Dot" their young hopeful, Billy, who wears overalls and plays around just like your kids; R. A. Walsh and Miriam Cooper, who have been married since the old Griffith days (who says it doesn't last?) John M. Stahl, whose wife is the writer, Irene Reels; Charles Ray, whose wife was once a motion picture actress but now is occupied with social duties, being one of the local "400"—and Mrs. Ray never seats divorced couples next to each other at her charming little dinners; Anita Stewart and her business-manager-husband, Rudolph Cameron; Lloyd Hughes, married to Gloria Hope (or the other way 'round, whichever you prefer); Hobart Bosworth, who a year or so ago married a charming young widow; Allen Holubar and Dorothy Phillips, wedded eight years and still on speaking terms; Douglas MacLean, whose wife was Faith Cole.

And—pausing for another breath—Helene Chadwick, wife of Billy Wellman, an assistant director at Fox; Gladys Hulette, married to William Parks, Jr., an actor with Corinne Griffith; while Corinne herself is wedded to her director, Webster Campbell; Dorothy Gish, wife of James Rennie, who acted in some kind of warmish Spanish play before he came out here to work in "The Dust Flower"; Marguerite Clark, married some time ago to Palmerson Williams, a gentleman of the South; Juanita Hansen, Mrs. Harrison Post; Volva Vale, Mrs. Al Russell (and sister-in-law of Bill); Louise Lovely, Mrs. Wm. Welch; the Conrad Nagels, the Bill Desmonds, the Charles Merediths; the Robert Gordons; the William and the Cecil B. de Milles; the Sessue Hayakawas; the William S. Harts (who also are laying in a supply of cigars in preparation for a momentous occasion); Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning. Oh, I could go on *ad infinitum*.

Take Tommy Meighan now. Here he's been married to the same woman to these many years and Frances Ring is still satisfied with the arrangement; Vera Steadman, the comedienne, is the wife of Jackie Taylor, a musician, and the mother of a delightful baby (there were twins but one passed away to Babyland Heaven); Ralph Graves, now a benedict; and Wheeler Oakman faces Priscilla Dean across the breakfast-table every morning and the only thing they quarrel about is the decoration of their new home.

There is no Only Their Husbands Club in Hollywood—for even film-stars' husbands have jobs and are not content to bask in reflected glory. Kathlyn Williams is the wife of Charles Eyton, general manager of the Paramount West Coast studio with his name on the door and a velvet carpet in his office; Luther Reed, the husband of Naomi Childers, is a scenario writer, and Maud George is the wife of Arthuru Forde, who is a serious-minded scenario writer of a film company and the father of Victoria Forde—who in turn is the wife of Tom Mix and the mother of a brand-new baby daughter.

Betty Ross Clarke is the wife of Arthur Collins, a banker, and when the bankers had a convention here she entertained them like the dutiful wife of a successful business man should. Ralph Ince, an actor of much renown is the boss of Lucille Lee Stewart (Anita's sister) Pauline Frederick's husband is a wealthy physician and Virginia Valli is married to Demarest Lamson and is making wonderful progress with the art of biscuit-making (pretty soon I'll feel safe to dine with her.)

Charles Bryant is Madame Nazimova's business-manager as well as her husband; Burton Hawley, in addition to managing Wanda, owns garages so Wanda gets all the repairing done on her little blue coupe free; Kathryn Perry's husband, Owen Moore, can support her is she wants to stop working, for he gets a pretty



Bryant Washburn and "Sonny."



Jack Hill Spends all his spare time playing with Jack, Jr.

good salary as an actor; so does his brother, Tom, who is laying away a good nestegg now for the family he expects in due time.

(Continued on page 30)



# Just Kids



We wanted a baby picture of Colleen Moore, but she wouldn't trust the only one she had out of her possession. It was rather early when we went for it, but she consented to hold it while it was snapped by our cameraman.



Here are a couple of kiddie strangers. They're popular in Swedish pictures. They show that peoples of all races, even the kiddies, are much alike.



Bobby Johnson, at right, son of a newspaper correspondent, had no use for pictures until he met May McCaughey on a recent visit to the Lasky studio. Now he has registered himself and has been promised the first boy's part in the cast headed by his favorite.



This is another picture dear to another actress. The lady is Mrs. Louise Chadwick, the dearest and only mother Helene Chadwick ever had, and the baby is Helene herself, just as she had attained the age of one year.

Remember the cute little boy in "Hail the Woman"? Well, this is he—except that "he" happens to be a "her." Her name is Muriel Frances Dana, and after "Hail the Woman" she was in "White Hands" and is now with the William Fox Company.





# Squibs

By the Calcium Cynic

(Apologies to Edward Lear)

**T**HE Star and the Director went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
They took plenty of money and a Honey  
Wrapped up in a mink-fur coat.  
Honey hit them both and threw them out,  
Then sang to the coins' jingle:  
"Oh, clever Honey, oh there is no doubt  
What a clever Honey you are, you are,  
What a wise little Honey you are!"

\* \* \*

Aloysius Camambert, the rich old guy who owns the cheese factory, recently was wed to Gwendolyn Gogetum, an experienced extra. And, do you know, that chap is just as puffed up with pride as if he'd done it himself!

\* \* \*

The Virgin who has Fallen into the Pit of Hollywood, tears her false hair and wails:



"Haaa! All have forsaken me, save my children, my husband and my publicity!"

\* \* \*

**W**E vote that the self-starting lead-pencil sharpener goes to the p. a. who, while reading Kipling, had the nerve to send out the following choice tidbit about his star, Dolores Dimples: "She works not for money or fame, but 'for the joy of the working'." Isn't that just too sweet?

\* \* \*

Have you a low taste for mellerdrammer? Fine. Just step into any "movie" that's handy. Thus does mankind hide it's shame.

\* \* \*

Flora Florabelle's ingenious attitude toward casting directors is somewhat embarrassing at times to the chaste gentlemen. She has an ingrained idea that she is "under obligations" to every man who gives her a job. Flora thinks life is terribly difficult for a virtuous maiden—but her puritanical aunt imbued in Flora a strong sense of duty!

\* \* \*

Names now inscribed upon the sacred pages of the Sexionary, along with Theda Bara, Al Woods and Arnold Bennett: Cecil B. de Mille, Louise Glaum, Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Eric von Stroheim and Doralina.

\* \* \*

## PARODY ON SOMEBODY'S SOMETHING

There was a bad villain called Sin,  
Who became so terribly thin.  
On the screen, though, they say,  
Girls were willing to Pay.  
He no longer resembles a pin!

Driving (?) around in our Poor Man's Pleasure, we notice on local signboards these

brilliant titles, which make us cease to wonder if it is true that the human race is 90 per cent insane already:

"Why Change Your Wife?" (Why have one to begin with?)

"Foolish Wives." (What other kind are there?)

"What's A Wife Worth?" (We never priced 'em, but we are told you can get 'em all the way up from the five-and-ten.)

"The Forbidden Thing." (Never met it in the movies.)

"Scrambled Wives." (We can think of lots of things to do to a wife, but don't you think boiling in oil would be much more melodramatic, more savory and less—disintegrating?)

"Passion." (We never met it—we are respectably married.)

"Blind Wives." (There's a lie. There are none.)

\* \* \*

**I**T'S funny about Theresa—she looses her Good Name in every play, but that horrid umbrella Uncle John sent her from Waxahatchie she can't get rid of, no matter how many places she leaves it! Like Sin, it always comes home to roost!

\* \* \*

## RECIPE FOR A STUDIO STEW

One cheesy Villain and one Vamp cooled in the ice-box. Add one Innocent Ingenue and a pippy Leading Man. Allow to boil slowly upon fire generated by the Wicked Woman's Wim and Wigor, adding, every seventeenth inch of an hour, bits of Property Men and slices of Actors, flavoring with squirts of pickle-juice from the Hero's his-pocket. When done, serve on a chaise-longue decorated with bleeding hearts. Then eat—if you can!

\* \* \*

## DEFINITION OF A STAR'S WARDROBE

Slippers—Pedicure Covers.  
Dress—Memory of Fuller Days.  
Jewelry—Display Advertisement.



Skirts—Knee-Guards.  
Lace Stockings—Ventilators.

Aloysius Ethelbert Bananaeal has taken pity on the dearth of stories, there apparently being no person in this great country interested in writing for the movies, and is engaged in preparing a model (i. e., Very Small) skenario. He will direct. He will star. He will not photograph. He will not act. Otherwise it will be all Aloysius Ethelbert Bananaeal.

\* \* \*

"Pax Optima Rerum"—cries the harassed director as he gives in to her for the twentieth time a day.

\* \* \*

Says the urchin:

"Our Father who are in Heaven,  
Hollywood be thy name."

But methinks it should read:

"Now I lay me down to snore,



Comedy be thy name."

## ON THE ROAD

(Apologies to Tudor Jenks)

Said Billy to Christine,  
"Star, where are you going?"  
Said Christine to Billy,  
"There's no way of knowing.  
But I'll be gone all night—  
And what shall you do?"  
Said Billy to Christine,  
"I'll go along with you!"

\* \* \*

## FAVORITE SAYINGS OF MOVIEDOM

"I would Live My Own Life." (Nobody's stopping her.)

"How's your Cellar?" (Ours *isn't*)

"Barnum was right." (Referring to the Dear Public.)

"Oh, Death where is thy Sting?" (The scene where she dies in his arms.)

"Ghost walks tomorrow." (Meaning the Chief has cleaned up on "The Marriage of Mable" and he's actually going to pay up back salaries.)

"You flat-footed bean-pole." (From the Director's Dictionary.)

"I wanna Play with Fire." (Who'll help her?)

"I knew her When. . ." (Whisper. . .)

\* \* \*

Professor—What does an Art Director do?  
Modern Pupil—Undresses the stars and dresses the telephone in flounces.

Prof.—Who is the "prop" man?

M. P.—He takes care of the star's lip-stick and "double."

Prof.—Do you know the Army semaphore?

M. P.—No, but I know the Love Semaphore—I been to the movies.

Prof.—Do you want to go to Heaven?

M. P.—No, I wanna go with a Director.



# A Picture You'll Never See

**G**ROUPED about this page is the "wickedest" picture in the world.

Of course, the "stills" shown here may not look the part. But take it on the solemn word of honor of the editor, these particular pictures are absolutely the most terribly suggestive and utterly virtue-wrecking in the whole blooming three reels of the film.

The name of the picture—which cost a whole lot of money, but which you will never, never see, at least in virtuous New York—is Sappho. Based, of course, on the w. k. novel by one M. Alphonse Daudet.

You'll admit the book is reasonably well known.

At any rate, the Paramount people thought so. They were so convinced of the fact that they made it into a picture. They hired Pauline Frederick to play the lead. And in the showing, to use the parlance of the tribe, they "cleaned up big." And nobody, so far as the records show, was hurt a single bit. 'Nary a crime was committed as a result of that film. 'Nary a boy looked at it and had evil thoughts. 'Nary a girl left home.

But this, my dearies, was years ago, before the days of the Censors.

A few weeks back the Paramount people thought it might be a good idea to revive this Sappho film. So they did. They spent several thousand dollars synchroizing special operatic music for the picture, and then they arranged with one of the most elaborate theatres on Broadway for the showing.

The opening night "went big." Among others present were the Censors.

After that there wasn't any more Sappho. The Censors said "out."

The Paramount people raved and stormed. It did 'em a lot of good. Sure!

They wanted to know "how cum." darned little satisfaction.

Then they asked the Censors please to delete whatever they thought was naughty, and let them show the rest.



But would the Censors do it? They would not!

It seems they objected to the whole works.

PANTOMIME herewith presents, as already stated, the very wickedest scenes from the very, very wicked picture. Look 'em over and see what you think of them.

Personally, we wonder how in the world "Little Red Riding Hood" got into some of the libraries.





# Strictly A

By Eugene



Does he  
really look tough?



Uncle  
Bob is  
in the  
Follies.



Cigarette  
smoking is a  
good habit  
for pictures.



WITH all the artistic temperament which seems to be accepted as the natural right of a motion picture actor or actress, to find seven in one family would indicate that the homestead of old man Trouble had sure been found.

Seven of them, all in the same family—seven with the talent that entitles them to be pampered, every whim given into, and all that sort of thing! Could a more natural place for continuous riots of outraged feelings be found outside of Dublin?

It is such a nearly impossible situation that unless I had seen it myself I would still doubt that it actually exists. Fortunately, I did not know what I was to discover when I started on the quest for the facts that go to comprise this story, or probably I wouldn't have gone.

It was a natural liking for little Edwin Mills, the three-old youngster who appeared with Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley" that is responsible for my trip to this House of Potential Trouble. Kiddies are always interesting, but when they are unspoiled and happy they are doubly attractive. So we started out to interview Edwin.

We found that he lived with his mother, Mrs. Edwin Mills, at a rather fashionable apartment on the upper West Side in New York City. We scented the "darkie in the woodpile" then, for even with the popularity which Edwin enjoys with producers who are working in the East his income would hardly warrant such a place. Of course,

his father's income should be taken into consideration, but still it made me uneasy.

There was no delay about getting past the doorman, hallman and the elevator man.

The door of the apartment was opened by a flaxen-haired boy who appeared to be faintly familiar, but he was far bigger than I had expected Edwin to be. Then I found out who he was:

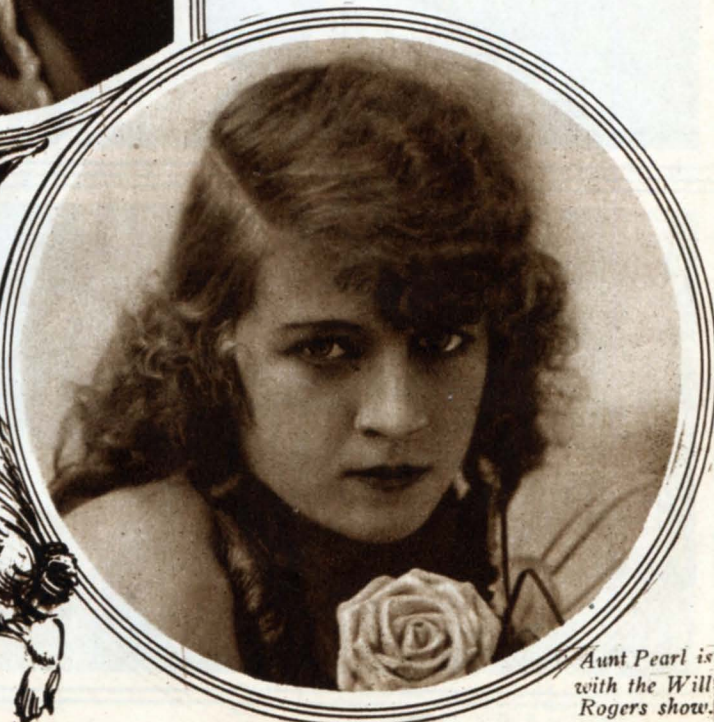
"I am Charles Eaton," he said. "Edwin is just getting his face washed."

Then I placed Charlie Eaton. You remember the boy in Hugo Ballin's "Journey's End," "The Prodigal Judge," "Peter Ibbetson" and a host of other productions, including several starring the Talmadge girls. Well, that's this self-same boy.

"Oh, so you and Edwin are professional friends?" I asked, scenting a story of juvenile attachment through association in a studio.

"Sure. I boost for him. I'm his uncle," answered Charlie.

What I might have said in response to this rather surprising bit of information was left unsaid because of the entrance at that moment of Edwin and his mother.



Aunt Pearl is  
with the Will  
Rogers show.



# Family Affair

Clifford

I had to laugh. Edwin is a regular boy. His face expressed all the resentment and all the shininess that is usually found on any boy at an undeserved and extra washing of his features. Mrs. Mills was smiling. Edwin downed his resentment and sulkiness enough to come to me and shake hands gravely.

"Did Uncle Charlie tell you that Aunt Doris is going to be home soon?" he asked.

"That is Edwin's idea of the biggest news in the world," smiled Mrs. Mills. "Doris is working in Egypt now in a special production for International Films, Limited, of London, and we got a letter only yesterday that she expects to return in about six weeks."

"Another member of the family in pictures?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," answered Mrs. Mills, "and then there are four more. Two of them are at home now, but just getting up. They work before the camera, you know, but they work in Ziegfeld's Follies, too—and there is nothing like sleep for growing boys. Charlie is in the Follies, too, but he is the early riser of the family."

I did some mental arithmetic and that is when I arrived at the total of seven motion picture players, all members of one family, and all residing in peace and harmony under one roof. Later I discovered that Edwin Mills, the father of the chubby-faced and by that time smiling boy in the room, is also an actor and completes the family circle whenever his show is in New York. He has never been in pictures, however, and from the impression I got, I am afraid he regards the silver sheet rather condescendingly—about the way a football player regards golf. Actors of the "speake" stage who step from one engagement to another without trouble are apt to be that way.

But the genuine affection with which "Daddy" Mills is held by every member of the motion picture family of Easton whom I met inclines me to the belief that this attitude on his part toward pictures is one assumed for the purposes of raillery at the family table.

Then I learned the scheme of organization of the Eaton family. Mrs. Mills is the only one who is not in the profession. She naturally gravitated toward the position of business manager for all the rest, even before she met Mr. Mills and was married. She holds down that position in such a capable and satisfactory manner that there is no way of her getting out of it, even if she wanted to.

"But doesn't the situation result in all sorts of friction?" I asked. "Handling so many players, don't you have trouble?"



Uncle Joe just completed  
"Smilin' Through"

"You mean, do they scrap about parts, and want parts that have gone to some one else?" said Mrs. Mills, "that they are professionally jealous?"

"Something like that," I admitted.

Mrs. Mills laughed.

"It's just the opposite," she said, "and that includes the whole family. They are all boosters for every other member of the family, and even before they will accept a part they will decide whether some other member of the family couldn't fill it better."

"You take Charlie, here. He always insists on knowing whether I have spoken to the casting directors about Edwin and Joseph before he will admit that I was entirely correct in accepting the place for him. The same goes for the girls, too. They look after the interests of their sisters even better than after their own. Wait a minute and I will get Joe and Bobby."

Joe and Bobby are the two of the three members of the family who are now out of pictures for the time being playing with Ziegfeld's Follies. Mary Eaton is the other member of the family who is in the same show. I suspected that she was not quite finished with her sleep, but I didn't like to ask. However, I must have betrayed what was in my mind.

"No, Mary was up early. She had a rehearsal and always likes a walk through the park before reporting to the theatre. So I guess Charlie is about the only one who saw her this morning."

"Me, too," spoke up Edwin. "I was awake and she kissed me bye-bye before she left."

I asked about photographs. I felt that I would have to have something official in order to keep track of all the members. I felt somehow that some one had been overlooked. The very first photograph handed me was the one member of the family who hadn't been mentioned up to the time.

"That is Pearl," explained Mr. Mills as she handed it to me. "She is with the Will Rogers show now. But she made a number of motion picture comedies with Johnny Dooley, and was the dancer in 'At the Stage Door.'"

Edwin selected the photographs of himself and Charlie that are published on this page.

(Continued on page 30)



Aunt  
Mary is  
also in the  
Follies.



Aunt  
Doris is  
coming  
home.



# Even The Boys Are Doing It

By Lily Agnes

Greenwood

**I**N the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love and members of the shriller sex do everything they can to make those thoughts as heavy as possible by "dolling up" in the most attractive clothing their purses and dressmakers can provide.

Men, of course, buy a new hat, shoes and a suit, so that they may provide the proper contrast to make the dresses of the fairer (used exclusively as applied to appearance) company look the brighter in the Easter parade.

Once in a great while, however, a masculine mind jumps the groove; skips all thoughts of love, light or otherwise, and takes up the matter of dress exclusively. When this happens, there can be but one outcome—and that is the female impersonator.

And the drawing power of a female impersonator is a good proof of the fact that women dress for the men—for otherwise why should they flock past the box office in droves unless they want to find out what a man would wear if he were a woman.

Which brings us down to a question in regard to the Big Four Movie Job contest now running in PANTOMIME which is now before the judges for a decision. The question is as to whether a sixteen-year-old boy is eligible for one of the jobs in the four productions by Harry Rapf to be distributed by Warner Brothers, if he can make himself look so much like a girl—clothes, face and dress—that he can win a prize from all the candidates who were born to wear skirts.

George B. McClernand, Jr., of Philadelphia, is the boy who has raised the question, and it is his photograph that is published on this page. His answers to all the questions asked candidates are very expansive. For instance, in re-

*Here's George dressed in his self-designed home-made gown, which even at that cost \$500.*

gard to his hair, he writes, "bobbed or long, straight or curly, and every natural color in stock, although I look better as a brunette. If my stock of wigs isn't complete enough I will procure any kind necessary for the role."

Nothing could be fairer than that in regard to hair. Of course, he could be ruled out of the contest on the ground that he hadn't sent in a picture of himself, as "herself" without a hat, as is required. The managers of the contest, however, don't want to rule anyone out on a technicality, so the question of his application is under consideration.

But what do you think of the dress he posed in for his contest photograph?

He was selected to head the "flapper" delegation of the Klein Association at a recent carnival in Philadelphia. He designed the dress himself especially for the occasion. His mother, Mrs. Mary McClernand, and several assistants executed the pattern, and despite this saving, the gown, as completed, cost over \$500. It took more than five days to assemble the bead work alone.

A Philadelphia newspaper had this to say of his appearance:

"He impersonated a French prima donna and his gown was fashioned of peacock blue silk.

trimmed with a solid mass of blue spangles.

"The train was twelve feet long and was

a solid mass of silver spangles. The head-

piece of the 'prima donna' was of peacock blue with Nile green

feathers and ostrich plumes.

"McClernand was 'made up' in such a fashion that he looked like a most attractive French girl and even his walk was as such."

In addition to this praise from the newspaper McClernand is highly recommended to the contest managers by a host of Philadelphia friends as being an actor without equal. Despite many that know him as a female impersonator the way he can make-up and dress has fooled them time and time again so that it has gotten so among the Klein Association that the members are more or less suspicious of strange girls unless it is McClernand himself who introduces them.

But then, girls, we needn't feel so bad about this entry from Philadelphia and his \$500 gown.

On ordinary oc-

casions he

can dress

in far cheaper

clothes than we

ever can, and

still look as present-

able. If it ever came

down to a case where he had to keep himself supplied with all the things that a girl has to it is more than probable that his expenditure on a single gown would be cut down.

And, even so, no matter how much more he looks like a girl than girls do themselves, I have an idea that the managers of this contest aren't going to accept a man when so many lovely girls are available.

But as a member of the feminine sex, I am in favor of letting him in. There is keen satisfaction in winning over a man.





# Tess of the Glue Factory!

OR WHY SHE STUCK TO THE LEADING MAN!

A STICKY MESS OF MUSH, INTRIGUE AND TRICK CAMERA WORK - By FRED R. MORGAN.



1  
TESS, ONLY A FACTORY GELL BUT THERE WITH THE CLEVER EYE-WORK!



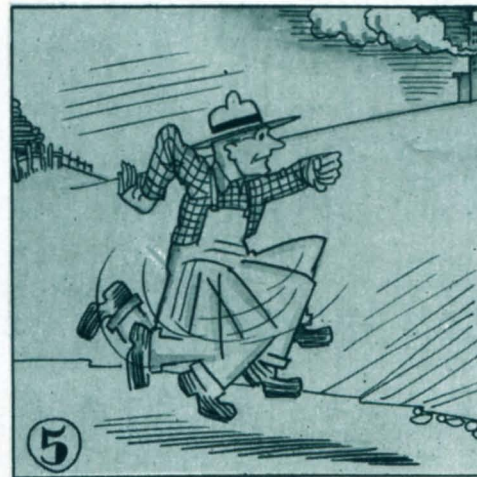
2  
OSWALD, A ROUGH DIAMOND WHO IS A BIT DOTTY ON TESS YET A HELAVA NICE FELLA!



3  
THE FOREMAN OF THE GLUE FACTORY WHO HAS A STICKY PAST AND A STICKIER FUTURE!



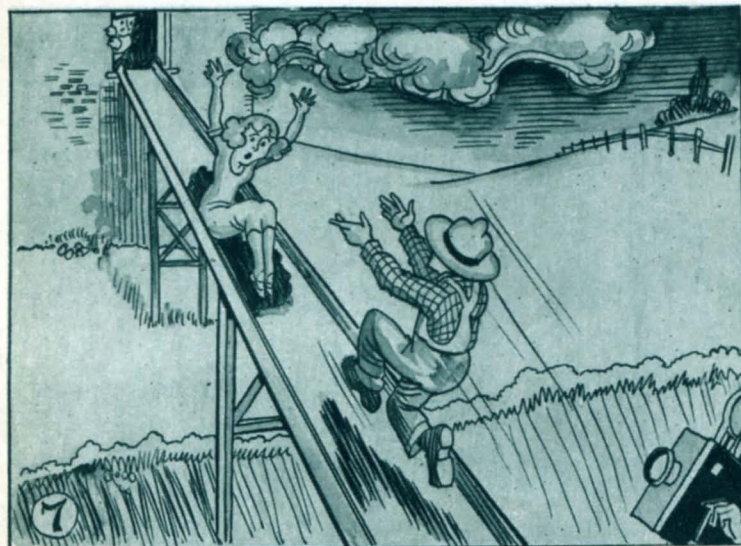
4  
A FIRE BREAKS OUT IN THE GLUE FACTORY AND EMPLOYEES ESCAPE VIA THE BARREL CHUTE!



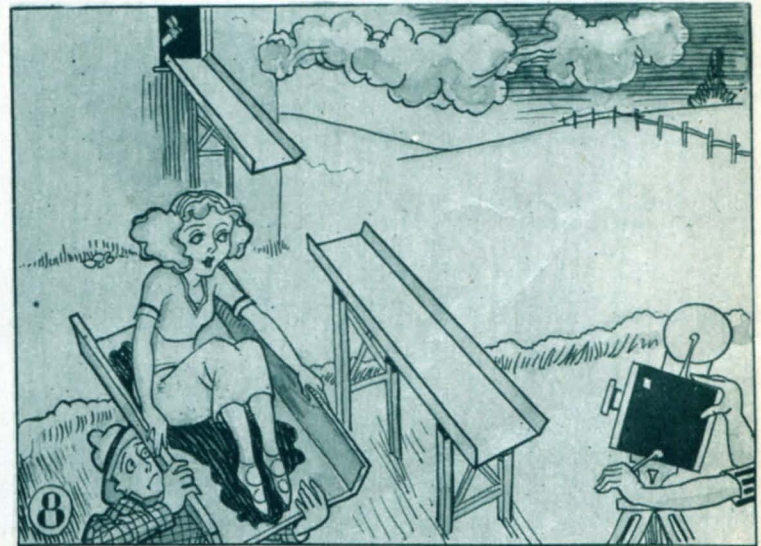
5  
OSWALD SMELLS THE FIRE!



6  
MEANWHILE, TESS HAS SPURNED THE FOREMAN'S LUFF AND HE PUTS GLUE ON THE CHUTE TO PREVENT HER ESCAPE!



7  
TESS FINDS THE GLUE STOPS HER PROGRESS AND WELCOMES THE APPROACH OF HER HERO!



8  
-THEN SHE DECIDES TO DO HER FINAL CLOSE-UP IN A SITTING POSTURE!



## Handmaiden of Happiness

(Continued from page 14)

Harold Lloyd saw it he immediately wanted her for his leading-woman to replace Bebe Daniels. She has supported Harold in his comedy cock-tails for three years.

Mildred has, if you crave home-details, one father and one mother—her dad is a news-hound and therefore I'm for him—and one small brother whom Mildred has a terrible time convincing that she's destined to be a great person. Small brothers have a most disconcerting habit of belittling everything their sisters do! Her father, she says, is her best critic, because fathers have also the license of free speech. She may become no Himalaya of the screen, for she aspires not to the heights of Modjeska or Pauline Frederick. But she believes that she has something to give you—and that you want her.

And the most interesting thing about Mildred, I thought, is the fact that she is making her summer wardrobe herself. And Mildred didn't tell me that either—or did her publicity representative. A girl friend whispered it in my ear and said not to let Mildred know she had told me "because she is afraid nobody would believe it!"

Harold Lloyd came with her to tuck me in the car that was to take me home. Of course I haven't a bit of business saying it—but Harold's eyes do light up with a certain expression when they rest on Mildred. And who could help it?

For she's a Handmaiden of Happiness!

## Nothing To Say For Publication

(Continued from page 9)

seen a newspaper office through a haze of romance. To a greater or lesser degree he has regarded it as a shrine, and the men who labored therein with their hats and coats on, assumed the proportions of demi-gods.

I know that I had something of that sort in mind when I first entered the journalistic field. And I know that I had that same feeling magnified many times, as I entered upon my thrilling adventure as assistant editor of *Motor Magazine*.

But I was doomed to disappointment. Hard work was substituted for romance and adventure; automobile shows took the place of death-defying races.

A man named Julian Chase was my boss and I lived in a state of mingled fear and admiration that is difficult to describe. He was a stickler for accuracy, detail and speed, and kept my nose to the grindstone in pursuit of all three.

The magazine covered both the automobile and motor boat fields. I was detailed to cover shows of both kinds. During the period of my assistant editorship I saw every conceivable motor and all of its nuts and bolts repeatedly in the course of the many exhibits which were held.

As a mark of favor—so I was told—I was detailed to assemble a special "Garage Edition." I did. I dragged in every garage that ever operated in that part of the world. Advertising increased but I don't believe they ever thought to tack on an additional five dollars on my pay check.

There was one other special article that stands out in my mind. If I remember correctly its title was "The Oiling Tendencies in Motor Boats." I couldn't tell you today what it was all about, but I have never been very keenly interested in motor boating since that article was written.

That marked the close of my career as an assistant editor. Still in pursuit of fortune, I turned to another field and dropped my mantle on another's shoulders.

Assistant editing is all very well. I have no fault to find with it in retrospect. But I do not want to repeat that experience. I would much rather drive a car than write about one and I would rather read a newspaper with my breakfast than get out before breakfast and help to write one.

## "The Silent Vow"

(Continued from page 11)

"Yes, I am Dick Stratton, son of the man your father ruined twenty years ago!"

As Stratton told the sordid story, the old woman stepped forward, tottering.

"I am that unfortunate Elizabeth Stratton—his mother."

With the last word she swayed and collapsed on the floor. Dick Stratton dropped on his knees beside her. With a gasp, the dying woman feebly raised her hand to touch him, whispering "My Son!"

Dick took the withered hand and kissed it. As he stood up, there were tears in his eyes. She had paid in full for her fault of twenty years before.

"We did not kill your father," said Doug. "He suffered a stroke of apoplexy because of his hatred of us when he saw us in his office."

Dick weighed the statement, as he looked at Doug's honest face and then proffered his hand. The feud of twenty years had ended.

The three men lost no time in leaving Morton's den. They carried the girls to the canoe, and shoved off into the stream. In the meantime "Sledge" had come to himself and gathered his men. They followed close after the fugitives.

Down in the laboratory the Professor stirred uneasily, his hand moved and struck against one of the switches and turned it on. There was a deafening explosion in the river close behind the canoe which Morton and his men were paddling. The fugitives had time to pull into the shore. "Sledge" and his men were not so fortunate, the Professor's head rolled over and struck another switch, there was another terrible explosion directly beneath Morton's canoe. It was the end of him and his men. They had perished in their own villainy.

In the soft light of the fading afternoon Doug and Ethel in one canoe and Dick Stratton and Anne in another sailed down the river towards civilization and happiness.

## Strictly A Family Affair

(Continued from page 27)

"Every time we go to a studio, Mamma combs our hair and fixes us up so Sissy that the directors began to figure we weren't good for anything but party parts," he explained, "so she let us have these taken to prove that we could be tough."

To give a list, in detail, of the motion picture productions in which the seven members of this one family have appeared would make it look like a directory of the pictures that have been released for the past three or four years.

They seldom work together—the incident of "Pearl and Doris both being in the cast "At the Stage Door" being the only case that Mrs. Mills could recall—but the big thing is that they live together.

Seven motion picture players under the same roof and—

Everything harmonious and peaceful!

Who said there were only seven wonders in the world!

## Who's Whose in Hollywood

(Continued from page 22)

Elsie Ferguson doesn't have to work unless she wants to, for her husband is a successful banker, Thos. B. Clarke; so is Captain Trenan, Mr. Irene Castle; Theda Bara's husband, Chas. Brabin, is a Fox director; ditto, Bernard Durning, for whom Shirley Mason flaps the pancakes; Howard Hickman, in addition to letting Bessie Barriscale use his name, writes plays, and Carmel Myer's husband composes songs; Betty Blythe's (Paul Scardon) directs for the Universal; and Doris May's (Wallace MacDonald) is an actor, as is May Allison's (Robert Ellis.) May Marsh is married to Louis Lee Arms, a newspaper man, and a proud parent of a young daughter; Mae Murray obeys Robert Leonard, partly because the law tells her to and partly because he is her director in pictures; and Madge Kennedy is

married to Harold Bolster, a business man.

Alice Joyce married James Regan, Jr., who owns a hotel, so she can have ice-water without ringing for it ten times and breakfast in her room without extra charge. They have a baby girl.

Take this kiddies-question. We have 'em here, not in ones or twos but in *droves*. There's nothing like this California climate—well, anyway—

There's the Jack Holts and their three youngsters, the Bryant Washburns and their three kiddies, the King Vidor's (Florence Vidor) and their dainty little Suzanne, who is just about four years old now; the Milton Sills and one or two—I forget which—little Sills; Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers and the three Rogerettes; the Lon Chaney's and their boy, the Sam Woods and baby, Gloria; the Carter de Havens and their two young hopefuls.

So when you're reading all those lurid tales of our wild life here in Hollywood, you might remember this: Jack Holt gets most of his exercise playing with the kids. And Jack's a pretty good example of the rest of our stars. And say, did you ever see a community downright *bad* that is full of homes and kiddies? There's something about kids, you know—

Well, think it over, anyway.

## Despite The Rush

(Continued from page 7)

"That part of the offer is strikingly original—if it is only true!"

"But I've noticed, in all the other contests, no girl that wasn't beautiful stood the tiniest chance."

"Now what I want to know is this—will a girl who isn't pretty, but who thinks she has ability, really be considered by the judges. It's so unusual that it sounds too good to be true."

We spent twenty minutes convincing that young woman, beyond all peradventure, that it was true—down to the last word. We even sent upstairs to the Warner Brothers offices, and had Eddie Bonns, one of their big officials come down and add his assurance to ours.

And I'm writing all this to impress one fact as strongly as possible on all your minds: That fact is this—

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking for beauty, true enough. Everybody is for matter o' that. But first, and foremost, PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking for *types*.

If you have an ambition to get in the movies—and get in under the best possible conditions, with a salary of \$100 a week right from the start, and with unlimited possibilities ahead of you—if you have this desire, and honestly believe you can act—send in your photograph. I herewith give you my personal word of honor, as publisher of this magazine, that your picture will be considered just as carefully as if you were a reincarnation of Semiramis, Cleopatra and Mona Lisa combined.

There's a reason for this too. There never was, and there never will be a picture produced in which every feminine role called for a beauty. Many of them on the contrary, often call for the exact contrary—distinctly ugly types.

In other words, this contest is open to every girl in the United States and Canada, "regardless." You all have a chance. Take it.

## "Our Mary's Double"

(Continued from page 8)

mature lines of the figure would not create a perfect illusion. The real change is made in the brain, that in turn alters the expression of the face, the carriage of the body and the actions and mannerisms to suit the characterization.

## How I Maltreated Lady Diana

(Continued from page 19)

But she would nurse a sore wrist or a twisted shoulder and smilingly assure me it was all right.

I can assure you that acting these scenes with Lady Diana was more worrying to me than any fight I ever had in the ring.



# Four Jobs in the Movies Open to You

## Each Paying \$100 a Week

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL TO GET ONE

620  
PHONE 6642 BRYANT  
6643

CABLE ADDRESS  
"WANEWAR"

### WARNER PICTURES

1600 BROADWAY

NEW YORK.

February 23rd, 1922.

Mr. Victor G. Olmsted,  
Editor of Pantomime,  
1600 Broadway,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:-

Confirming our conversation of even date, relative to the Pantomime Great Prize Contest, we submit the following data for your information:

Four young women will be chosen as winners. Each successful contestant will be given a part in the cast in one of the four forthcoming Harry Rapf productions, which will be distributed by Warner Brothers, and will be paid \$100.00 per week for every week employed.

The four forthcoming Warner attractions are:

"From Rags to Riches", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin May 15th, 1922.

"Little Heroes of the Street", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin July 1st, 1922.

"Brass", the novel written by Charles G. Norris, production to begin September 1st, 1922.

"Main Street", the novel written by Sinclair Lewis, production to begin October 15th, 1922.

The judges of the Pantomime Beauty Prize Contest will be Messrs. Harry Rapf and S. L. Warner, producer and director respectively.

Very truly yours,  
WARNER BROTHERS.

*Eddie Bonne*  
Eddie Bonne,  
DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING & PUBLICITY.

PANTOMIME has made arrangements with Warner Brothers to place four of our readers in the Movies.

These four readers will be given *real parts* in forthcoming productions and will be paid \$100 weekly.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A BEAUTY TO WIN ONE OF THESE POSITIONS.

Beauty, of course, will not hurt—but it is not essential.

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking not only for beauty, but for TYPES.

If you think you have a face, and the ability to make a movie actress—in any sort of a role—send your answers to questions on entry blank. Send it to PANTOMIME, together with a photograph of yourself.

Mr. Harry Rapf and Mr. Will Nigh, producer and director of the productions in which the winners will appear, will be the judges.

That's all there is to it. No fee. No charge of any kind.

Just send a photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Pictures of Contestants will be printed from week to week in PANTOMIME.

Here are the pictures in which the jobs are waiting for you:  
FROM RAGS TO RICHES—featuring Wesley Barry.

LITTLE HEROES OF THE STREET—featuring Wesley Barry.

BRASS—The film version of the novel by Charles Norris.

MAIN STREET—The film version of the novel by Sinclair Lewis.

The winners of the role in the first picture will be selected on May 7, 1922, and will begin work on May 15.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than May 1, 1922.

The winner of the role in the second picture will be selected June 24, and will begin work on July 1, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than June 15, 1922.

The winners of the role in the third picture will be selected August 24, and will begin work September 1, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than August 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the fourth picture will be selected October 8, and will begin work October 15, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than October 1, 1922.

THOSE WHO TRY FOR THE FIRST ROLE BUT DO NOT WIN WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED FOR ALL THE OTHER POSITIONS

HERE IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET IN THE MOVIES. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET A REAL JOB ALMOST OVER NIGHT.

THERE IS NO CHARGE.

PANTOMIME IS DOING THIS FOR ITS READERS FREE.

REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A "SCREEN FACE" SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE COUPON.

PERHAPS YOU WILL REALIZE YOUR DREAM.

OR IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST YOURSELF, PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN WIN. GET HER TO ENTER IT. IT'S FREE.

### ENTRY BLANK

This blank is printed for your convenience. Plain paper may be used to answer questions.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Stage Name .....

(If you intend adopting one)

Age ..... Height ..... Weight .....

Color of Eyes ..... Color of Hair .....

Complexion .....

Reasons for wanting to get into the movies

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

This Entry Blank must be accompanied by one or more photographs of the person named in it. One of the photographs must be without a hat. Mark the name and address plainly on the back of each photograph.



**\$ 22,000.00 in PRIZES**



Niles Welch